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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 21, 1942
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Vol. CLXXI No. 2235 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 21 1942

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My Goodness — My GUINNESS

Volume CLXXI No. 2235 The SPHERE, London, November 21, 1942

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE NEW WEAPON WHICH HELPED TO BEAT ROMMEL'S PANZERS IN EGYPT: THE GENERAL SHERMAN TANK, BUILT IN THE UNITED STATES—
a picture taken when the new tank was shown to the Prime Minister and senior Officers on the Horse Guards Parade some time ago

The General Sherman is a new American heavy tank which might be described as the perfected General Grant. It is said to be the most powerful Allied fighting vehicle yet used in Egypt : manned by crews of a famous British regiment, it has done splendid work in General Montgomery's offensive, and has shown itself able to out-range the German Mark III Specials. The General Sherman was shown to the Prime Minister and senior British officers (including General Sir Alan Brooke, C.I.G.S.) some time ago on the Horse Guards Parade, when the above picture was taken. As will be seen, the new tank carries a 75-mm. gun : four other machine-guns are also visible in the picture. The main body and the massive gun-turret are solid castings ; and welding has in large part taken the place of riveting. Less than a year ago, the bulk of our tanks in the desert were armed with nothing heavier than 2-pounder guns, with a maximum effective range of only 600 or 700 yards !

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 168

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Radiant Dawn.—In the radiant dawn which comes at last after the longest, darkest night we have known, he is a remarkable man who dares not rejoice and sing, a very sick man who does not think sanely, clearly and serenely again. It is a positive duty for each of us calmly and thankfully to assess the possibilities of the miraculous achievements of the Allies which have changed the face of the world war in a night, to allot praise where it is due, and to make the most realistic estimate of the counter-strokes with which the enemy may reply. Praise for the feat of organisation which enabled the Victory of Egypt to be prepared and won. Praise for the organisation of that sea and land and air armada which enabled the armies of America to occupy key-points along a thousand miles of seaboard, practically without loss and entirely to schedule. Praise for the glorious discretion of hundreds of men who must have been "in the know" for months. Praise for the planners, who have silently endured jeering or petulant criticism from friends and foes. Praise for armies, navies and air forces, for merchantmen and factory workers. Praise for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt and all their civilian and military helpers, praise for Alexander and Montgomery, praise for the private and the subaltern, the admirals and the A.B.s. And the possibilities? They will depend much on the attitude of the Frenchmen of North Africa. It is unthinkable that France eternal can neglect so great a chance of salvation, throw away for ever the last hope of returning to the European field a great, free and first-class Power. Unthinkable that the ditch-water writ of Vichy can continue to run in a newly-freed French Colonial Empire. Time and space have proven already conquerable by the Allies. Given the will to victory in the French African Empire, the worst the enemy can do cannot prevent the accomplishment this year of the first stage to final victory—the Mediterranean freed for an Allied highway, Italy at the mercy of an Allied second front in Europe, Rommel's remnants not "between two fires," but ringed by fires from every compass point; and every harbour, aerodrome and traffic way in use by the Allies from Agadir to Alexandria and Suez. With such jumping-off grounds, the prospect of keeping the Axis guessing (as successfully as in the first days of November, when they guessed so wildly wrong) is good indeed. It is reasonable confidently to estimate the ultimate relief to our Navy and shipping, to Malta, to our Air Force; the change in the outlook for the Near East, the Far East and the Russian front; to look for evidence from the last neutrals of a radical change of mind from "philosophic doubt" to certainty. But Hitler has shots in his locker, heavy and grievous. The slightest neglect of precautions, one glance away from the periscope on the trench parapet and we shall be taken in the rear. The threat to Egypt is not yet finally removed, the reply of Axis submarine packs is not yet announced, Sardinia is capable of being turned into an unsinkable Axis aircraft-carrier. There are still middle ways to the Middle East. The western field may grow active again. The possibilities of Russian aggression throughout this vital winter are not yet known to us. It is watchfulness first and all the time, redoubled effort on every front and quiet confidence, but as yet no heady halloos. Let us think clearly, and so we may in God's good time achieve His ultimate purpose and prove worthy instruments of His justice. There are clear signs that He grows bored with Herr Hitler; and the *Herrenvolk* may sooner or later follow Him that far. It is not too optimistic to suppose that the Italians, in the main, are tired of war, tired of being afraid, tired of Fascism, and tired of the Duce, Duce, Duce.

MR. CHURCHILL MAKES THE FIRST OF HIS MOMENTOUS WAR STATEMENTS at the Lord Mayor's luncheon at the Mansion House on November 10: The first details of the great victory in Egypt were given at the luncheon which, this year, was held on the 10th, instead of the 9th, November. It was during the course of the Mansion House luncheon that Mr. Churchill made the aggressive statement that he had not become the King's First Minister "in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." In the above picture the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir John Laurie, is on the left; next is Sir Samuel Joseph, the new Lord Mayor

Released for Publication.—Mr. Churchill, restrained in his pride and satisfaction over the great victory in Egypt, gave the House and the public many details they have thirsted to hear, of the planning and organisation of that decisive battle and of the still larger strategy of Mr. Roosevelt's great enterprise in the French Colonial Empire. He told us, too, details of his relations with M. Stalin concerning the "second front" which, now made public and made clear, seem to justify the extraordinary frankness of the revelation. If only for this reason—that the public guessed much and hazarded even more serious speculations, and now know the worst and the best (and the best is not unsatisfactory among allies who think in terms as different as their tongues). Yet, to the end and beyond, I suppose, we shall argue about the wartime advantages and disadvantages of the requirements of democratic peoples, to be kept informed of what their Governments are doing and planning. *To tell the truth and to tell the people.* That is the ideal of democratic government. Yet in wartime and in practice the first article is constantly compromised and the second almost invariably deferred. To Hitler and other dictators, this latest frankness of Mr. Churchill must appear inexplicable indeed. To give away to the enemy while you tell your own people, the methods by which you win victories, the way the wheels go round, your clever secrets of camouflage (e.g., the 10th Corps, a device which cannot be used again), your admitted inability to stage an attack on the French coast for some time to come, the ticklishness of your relations with one of your allies. . . . Madness, says Hitler, scratching his worried hairs. And yet? The insane practice and ideal (modified as the progress of war requires) seems to work, *is* capable of winning victories, *is* capable of assuring that essential secrecy which only 100 per cent. loyalty can secure; is *capable de tout* save only the elimination of Government critics in the periods between releases of the truth. And another thing. That insane practice may often prove a greater puzzle than clarifier to an enemy for whom truth has no meaning and in whose eyes Government is a one-man autocracy. Third-degree methods instantly suggest themselves. Churchill declares he has postponed a second front in the West; therefore Churchill is about to invade the Channel ports. That would be Hitler's camouflage; therefore it may, it must be, Churchill's. Good or bad, our old method has kept Hitler guessing more wildly and longer, than we had an idea of a fortnight ago. He never dreamed of Algiers, Oran, Rabat. He never dreamed of the strength of our attack from El Alamein. He did dream (which we did not) of a descent on Corsica and Marseilles, and the next few weeks will prove whether his counter-move will redound to his advantage. Some of our plans and devices, some of our failures and weaknesses, some of our difficulties and recoveries, are now released for publication in all countries. Before we decide to tremble over possible indiscretions, let us remember the greatness which the ages have accorded to truth as a victory winner. It is meet and right for a great people, at the turn of the tide, to launch out with confidence, to joy in victory, to buckle to with even greater heart, to give all and every manifestation of pride of race, save only *boasting*, and to take every virile measure of offence against their enemies, save only *wordy threats*. To go forward under God to victory, using the sword of truth (or so much of it as may be withdrawn from the scabbard and "released for publication"). To go forward with every confidence save one, a foolish confidence that you have foreseen and can foresee even one-half of the counters which a resolute enemy will make to your own gambits.

Triumph and Disaster.—

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same."

It may not be good poetry, but it is good sense. The man who wrote that admired and detested poem (which schoolmasters hang on their shaving-mirrors) knew the British character through and through. We have proved again and again our *flair* for meeting disaster in the right spirit. Every disaster is an impostor until one comes which finds our will to recover and fight on gone past recall. And every triumph in this war is an impostor until one comes which leaves Nazi-ism down and out. That is the naked truth. That is why I hammer on, on this string. The only consistency I claim as a journalist in this war is, first, an unalterable belief in our final victory and, secondly, an unalterable detestation of boasts, threats, jibes and sudden bursts of wordy triumph and sombre jeremiads and warnings. That is why I personally so disliked certain aspects of the Premier's earlier manner of oratorical war-review, and many aspects of that of his lesser colleagues and imitators (still) to-day, military or political. Every instance of a wordy boast or threat by a British statesman or an Axis dictator has been punctually shown up by subsequent events. Time and Fortune of War have set the fool's cap on it for all the world to jeer at; and *the lesson is still not learned*. To-day, the tide seems to have turned in our favour. There is every reason for confidence, none at all for halloo-ing. There are snags aplenty ahead. Hitler's nasty locker is by no means empty. Here is a new angle of thought for publicists and propagandists in politics: There exists in Britain a large and increasing body of workers and thinkers devoted to the war effort who are *not fighting* for freedom of speech, but fighting to gain back in public life, and in social and international relations, a lost decency and dignity and "gentleness" and restraint without which there will be no new world worth living in. What we have learned of the meaning of "freedom of speech" in the past black decades is this: that half the Press, half the politicians, and half the world's radio may have licence to express views and news that outrage the canons of taste and decency in any epoch of history, and are more in tune with the Dago prize-ring, the tap-room and the stews. Let us fight the rest of this war and all the peace for a tardy return in public utterance of decency, restraint and dignity. Those things achieved will bring men peace at the last. It may be that this war would never have come upon us, with all its misery and loss, if those things had not been rejected and spurned by politicians and the Press. The weapons which took their place have not hastened the coming of peace, nor, in a single instance, supplied the place of deeds.

Figures.—On a conservative estimate 8,000,000 German soldiers have been liquidated, so far as their power for evil in this war is concerned. Stalin says so. On a conservative estimate 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 Nazis have been put into the bag, alive or dead, by this month. British statistical wizards are quite certain of it. The Nazis, on a generous estimate, have lost 365,000 men killed since the war began. Hitler says so, and what Hitler says, goes. You pay your money and you take your choice. Were there not *ten* cleansed, but where are the *nine*? I never was a great statistic fan. Usually, big figures in tabulated form leave me cold. But the discrepancy between the attic and basement figures is serious, egregious. What is Truth? Pilate is still unanswered; the well is still unplumbed. We must make do with compromise, and guess on as ever.

THE OLD STAGER

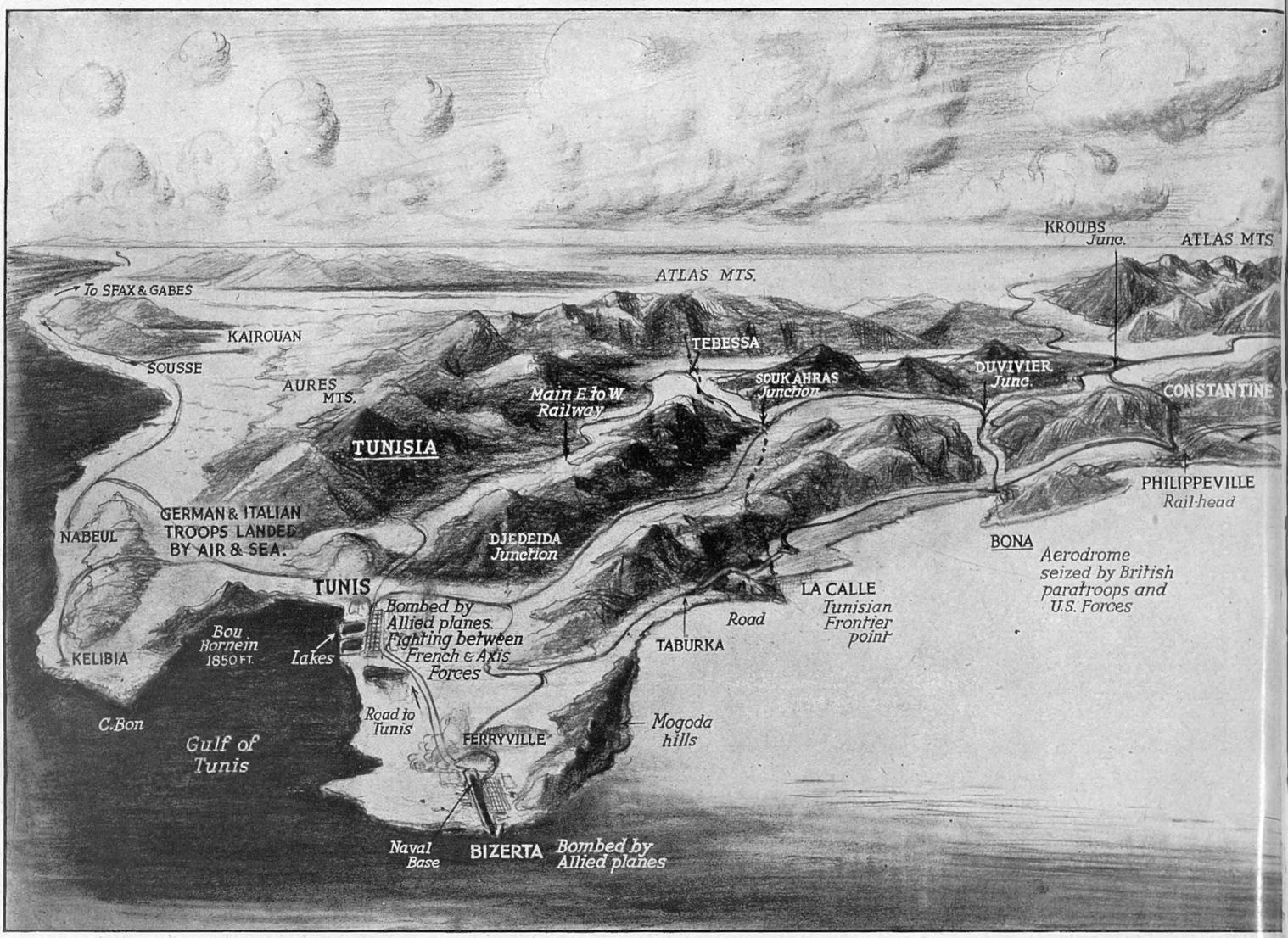
THE GIANT CONVOYS GET INTO FORMATION FOR THE APPROACH TO ORAN. In the foreground, U.S. Rangers (the equivalent of our Commandos) man one of the anti-aircraft guns: in the background are some of the 500 merchant vessels which took part in the operations

THE NORTH AFRICA LANDINGS

How the Troops were Conveyed by Sea Towards the New Mediterranean Battle Zone

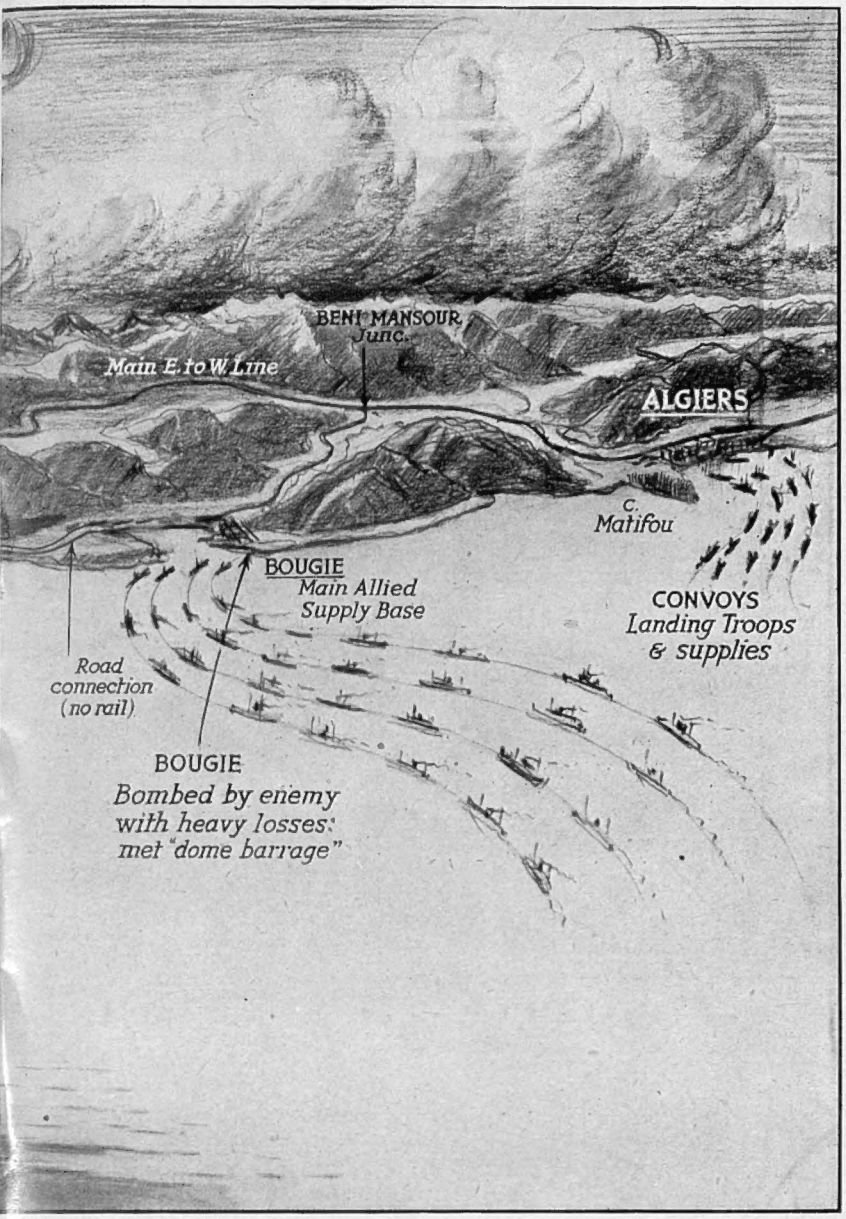
The occupation of French North Africa was begun by U.S. Rangers on November 8, when strong Allied forces were landed simultaneously at strategic points on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. This great undertaking was the biggest sea-borne expedition in history; its object—to sweep the Axis from the great Inland Sea—has already been crowned with great successes. For the expedition a force of some 350 warships and 500 merchantmen and transports had been assembled, with a great concentration of supporting aircraft. The pictures reproduced on this and the two following pages give impressions of the scene at Oran; they were taken by a Newsreel photographer who accompanied the Allied Fleet

THE GREAT MASS OF SHIPPING GETS INTO FORMATION FOR THE APPROACH TO NORTH AFRICA: Three hundred and fifty warships and five hundred merchantmen took part in this biggest sea-borne expedition in history—*Pictures by the British Newsreel Association*



THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST, FROM ALGIERS, ON THE WEST, TO BIZERTA AND TUNIS, ON THE EAST: This drawing shows Bougie, the chief Allied supply port to the east save the journey by road and rail. In almost all cases the roads follow the railways. (*See* notes below)

U.S. TROOPS HAVE LANDED ON THE BEACH AT A POINT NEAR ORAN AND ARE PREPARING TO ADVANCE INLAND: Very soon the important harbour and town were in American hands, and the landing forces were free to advance. The picture reproduced here gives a good view of the hilly, scrub-covered country of the region



f Algiers, and Bona, where troops have been landed to
—Drawing by Percy Home

AN AMERICAN OFFICER in conversation with villagers after the Oran landings. Note the big American flag sewn on to his sleeve

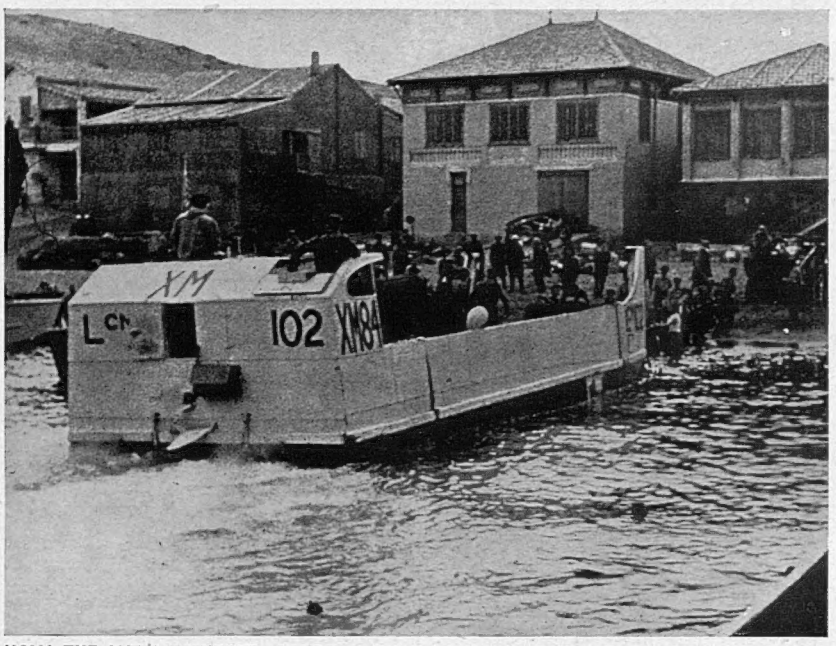
The new Allied fighting front stretches from Algiers, in the west, to Bizerta and Tunis, in the east, as shown in the big diagram-drawing above. During the past days U.S. and British troops have been constantly landed at both Algiers and Bougie, the latter figuring largely as the main Allied supply base. The reinforcements and supplies landed at Algiers may possibly have proceeded by the main east and west railway, which threads its way between the hills and mountains of the easternmost portion of the great Atlas Range.

There is a junction at Beni Mansour for the port of Bougie ; but from Bougie itself there is no railway proceeding directly to the east along the coast. From Philippeville, however, there *is* a stretch of railway which connects up with Bona and Lacalle, the latter being the point where the Tunisian frontier touches the sea. A little farther to the east is Taburka, whence one can proceed by rail to Bizerta and to Tunis. Philippeville is connected with the main east and west line at Kroubs junction. Bona is also connected with the main line at Duvivier Junction.

The whole region from Algiers to Tunis is mountainous, and the railway has in places to force its way through some highly-picturesque gorges. Flatter ground is reached in the vicinity of Bizerta, at the site of ancient Carthage, and around the city of Tunis.

FIRST PICTURES from NORTH AFRICA *(cont.)*

LANDING CRAFT OPERATED BY THE U.S. RANGERS speeding ashore at a village near Oran. The Americans were welcomed by the native population



HOW THE WELL-EQUIPPED LANDING CRAFT WERE HAULED UP ON TO THE BEACH NEAR ORAN, with natives of the district co-operating in the work

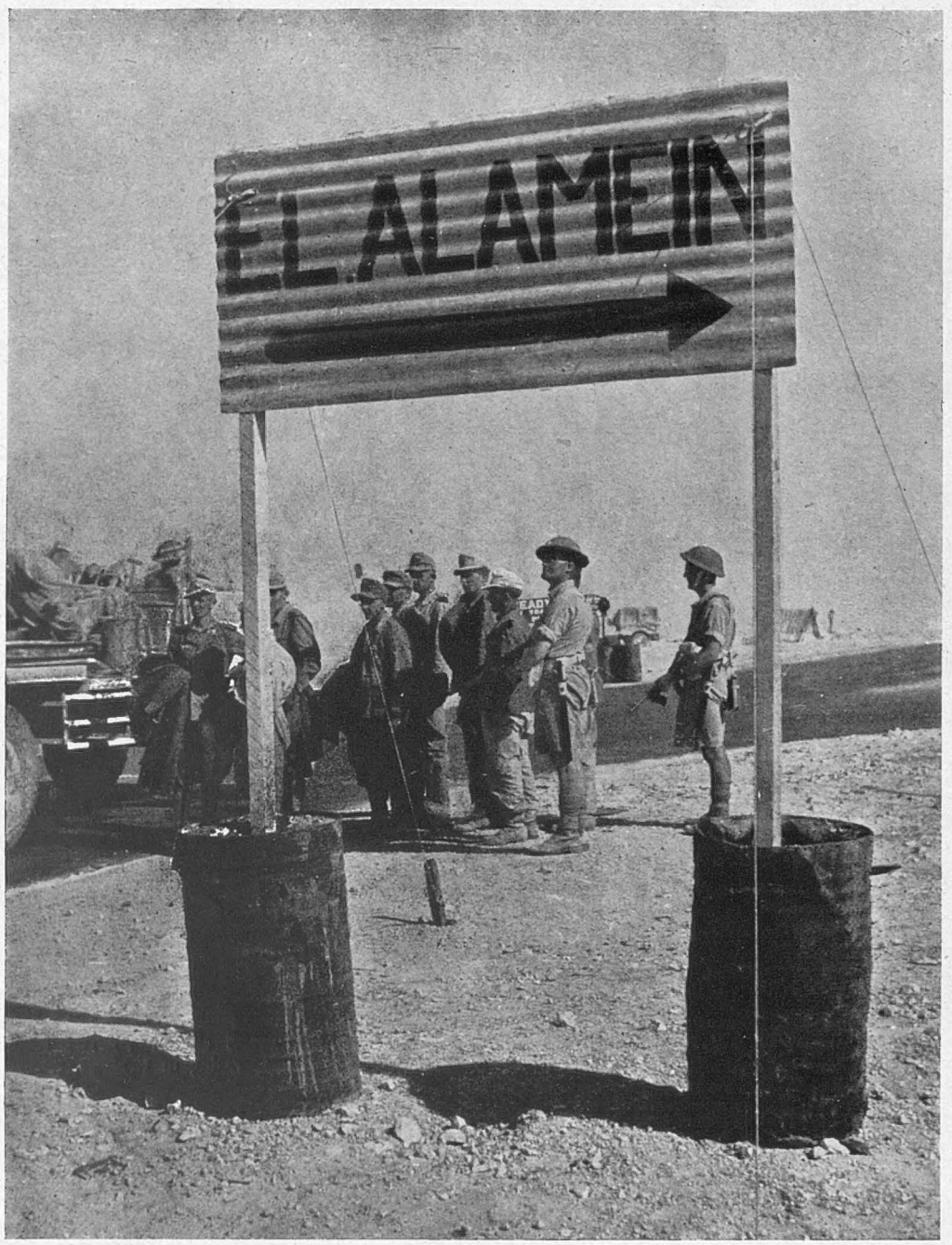
A SHELTERED BAY BACKED UP BY THE HILLS OF NORTH AFRICA. The scene as the American landing craft came in to unload fighting men and equipment near Oran

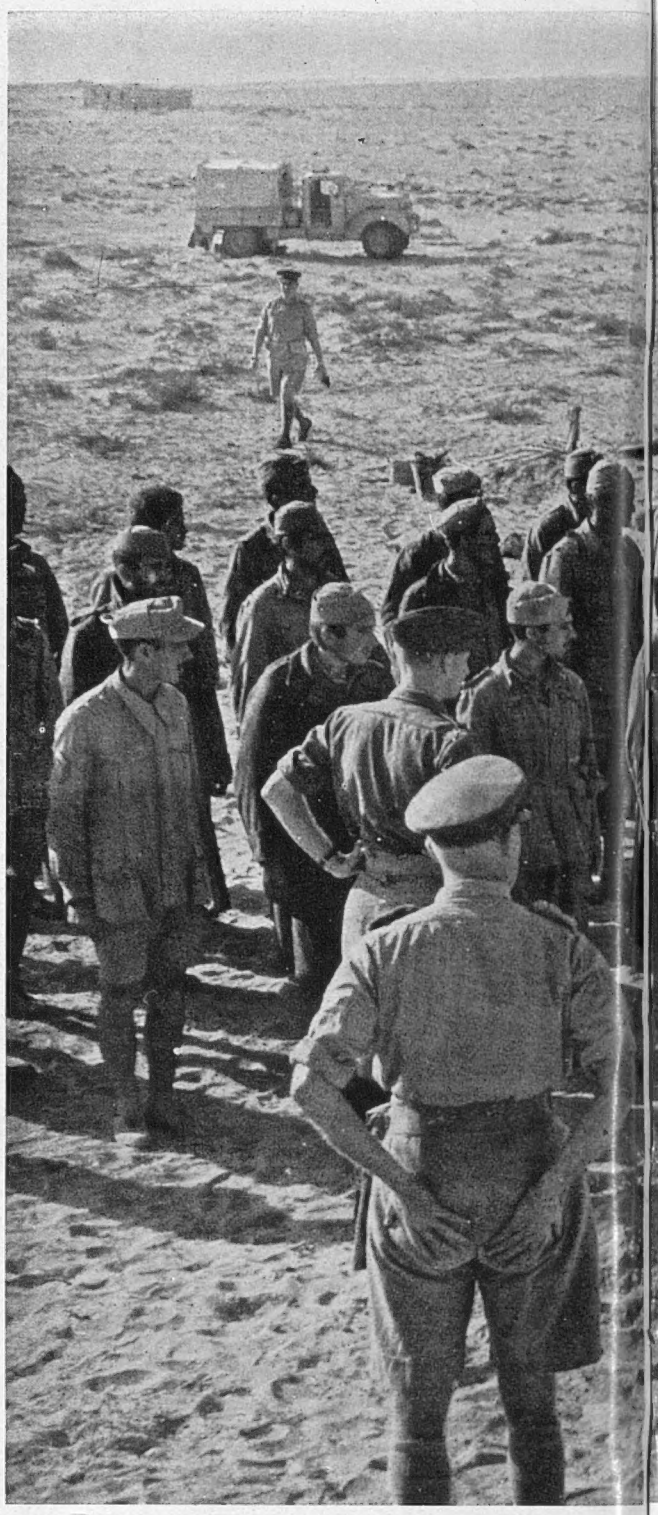
It is not until the Aures Mountains are passed that the first level stretches of the desert are reached.

In the immediate forefront of the large drawing above is the Gulf of Tunis, the region in which—throughout history—a long-drawn-out struggle between Africa and Europe has been waged. From the Bou Kornein (the Mountain of Baal), which rises to 1,850 ft. on the eastern side of the bay, there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The city of Tunis gleams white above her twin lakes (in which she resembles Bizerta) ; a little farther to the north can be seen the site of ancient Carthage, backed by distant hills. To the south-west are the peaks stretching towards Tebessa, a point on the way to the desert, which is connected by rail to the main line at Souk Ahras.

During the past few days Allied troops have been pressing forward towards Bizerta and Tunis, in order to engage as rapidly as possible the air- and sea-borne troops which the Axis have been pouring into the neighbourhood of Tunis. The aerodromes at both Bizerta and Tunis have been heavily bombed by Allied planes ; that at Bona was seized by British paratroops and U.S. forces quite early in the campaign, thus providing an excellent advanced base for the operations by the Allied forces against Axis aerodromes, ports and shipping.

The FRUITS of VICTORY: *German and Italian prisoners stream into our camps after the Eighth Army's decisive victory in the Egyptian Desert*





AT THE FAMOUS ALAMEIN CORNER : Prisoners wait at the roadside for a lorry to take them into the P.O.W. camps behind the lines. The great majority—German and Italian alike—were only too anxious to give themselves up ; and only light guards were necessary to shepherd hundreds at a time to the wire cages which served as temporary camps.

A GROUP OF THE CRACK AFRIKA KORPS CAPTURED BY THE HIGHLANDERS BEING FORMED UP INSIDE THE BRITISH LINES. In no cases were large British escorts necessary for the hundreds of prisoners taken at a time, as the enemy fortunate enough to fall into our hands had little intention of escaping again and facing the rigours of the dry and hungry desert

PRISONERS BROUGHT IN AFTER THE FIRST FEW HOURS' FIGHTING. They include both Germans and Italians: many were weary and dirty and had little fight left

At the end of last week Mr. Winston Churchill was able to announce that 59,000 Germans and Italians had been killed, wounded or taken prisoner: of these, 34,000 were Germans and 25,000 Italians. But these were obviously only the first estimates—as it was known, even whilst Mr. Churchill was making his statement, that many thousands of the enemy were still at large in Egypt. Many were, in fact, lost; all were hungry and suffering from thirst; and all, equally, were waiting and hoping for capture soon. The treatment by the Germans of their Italian partners was particularly detestable: deprived of their transport, and without water, many of the Italians died before they could be rounded up and brought in. Even whilst the Eighth Army was advancing on Mersa Matruh, detachments of our troops had to be detailed to scour the desert on an errand of mercy—a task in which our aircraft participated. The pictures reproduced on these pages were all taken within the Alamein area soon after the great offensive opened

A SMALL GROUP OF PRISONERS, many of whom were extremely hungry. One (on the left) could not wait until he got to the P.O.W. encampment, before making a meal off a tin of bully beef!

A SCOTTISH OFFICER GIVING A CIGARETTE TO A WOUNDED ITALIAN OFFICER as he lay on a stretcher. The Highland Division, who greatly distinguished themselves, made many Italians their prisoners

EVER WARMER FOR QUISLINGS

What the Future Holds for the Men who Betrayed Their Countries to the Nazis

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ARISING from the forced-labour-in-Germany decrees and the prospect of a terrible winter of hunger, cold and terrorisation, the latest grindings of revolt on the Continent will naturally receive great impetus from the Mediterranean campaign and the holding victory of Stalingrad. A new feature is the "pressure" being put on the persons of leading quislings.

Several of these arch-traitors have either had attempts made on their lives, or are complaining of ill-health, and wanting to retire. Important results may be obtained by concerted action against these betrayers who seek to be nothing less than the oil of the various forms of Nazi occupation; the slimy, filthy oil.

These No. 1 quislings are at the centre of extensive organisations upon which Hitler relies to secure the maximum output from his slave-labour markets, and now that the Continent is being turned into a gigantic armed area working largely under duress for the Nazi war machine, the importance to Hitler of properly functioning quisling organisations needs no underlining. Strike at them through the persons of their chiefs and you strike at Hitler's war-waging capacity. One is aware that the leading traitors move about hemmed in by bodyguards, but "liquidation" does not constitute the only way of putting quislings out of business. Take General Neditch, Serb quisling.

Neditch wants to resign on grounds of ill-health, adding that several "tragic occurrences" within his family circle have further undermined his condition. One can only conjecture what these tragic occurrences may be. Kidnapping of wife or daughters? Liquidation of same? It 's a grim thought, yet quislings deserve *everything* that comes to them. If life can be made a haunted experience for them, all the better. A quisling liquidated is the best, but a quisling with a permanent breeze up, a nervous wreck for ever looking over his shoulder, a man constantly reminded of what his fellows have in store for him, or continually subjected to unseen pressure like Neditch, such a one's usefulness to the Nazis is bound to diminish. The Nazis complain that Neditch has been totally unable to quell Mihailovitch's guerilla campaign.

An important factor to bear in mind is that the Germans can't find new quislings of any personality and administrative ability. That 's why they 've kept on the old original lot despite obvious failures right and left. It took the Nazis months to tell Neditch he was no use. What they were really doing was chasing round after a successor whom they now think they 've found in one Ratchimovitch The Germans are going over their Balkan quislings with a heavy spanner. They fear lest the results of the Russian and Egyptian campaigns should generate unconcealed opposition, then rebellion. So they are searching for 100 per cent., cruel, serf quislings or making existing ones eliminate all doubtful colleagues.

They are substituting a creature called Gotzamanis for quisling Tsolakoglu in Greece; another creature called Gabrovski for Boris in Bulgaria; and a kinsman of the General, Mihail, for Antonescu in Rumania. Like Neditch, Antonescu pleads ill-health and is described as "a sick, disillusioned, broken-hearted old man" who may now go only a very short distance from his mountain retreat at Predeal. That 's what quislingism does. Antonescu used to be a conspicuous anglophil, and he is probably striking his bosom with a wailing: "*Why* was I such a mean old *fool*?" Nobody of any worth wants the job of quisling with the war turning as it is doing. Rather are quislings in the ranks seeking excuses to leave the ship, having seen the red light. They want to make a getaway while they think the going is yet good. Maybe they 've been subjected to unseen pressure, too. One view is they should be guided if not exactly welcomed into the free fold, since their abandoning of the traitor camp weakens Hitler's war machine. More would abandon it but for the certitude that they would be bumped off by their present companions in treachery.

One or two quislings are clearly trimming their sails in the hope of sidling up to the patriots and saving their skins. Anton Mussert, second-rate Dutch engineer, is a case in point. Holland's leading quisling who once gushed over his German Führer now proclaims: "I do not believe in a greater German Reich comprising the Netherlands, Scandinavian countries and so on—a great German federal State."

And Anton is still alive—what 's Himmler doing? Or do the Nazis realise that killing Anton would (if it 's possible) worsen the position?

Two of the most vicious types of quisling have lately succumbed in puzzling circumstances. Staf de Clerq, the Flemish tool of Hitler, died "of a heart attack" at Ghent (poison hinted), and the Norwegian "Goebbels," Lunde, was allowed to drive his car into an icy fjord while the ferry mysteriously drew *out* instead of *in*. Arrests have been made in his case.

The scarcity of quisling talent is indicated afresh by the supplanting of the Belgian, De Grelle, by a new chief, Victor Matthys. The Germans have tried again and again in vain to seduce prominent Belgians, just as they offered the Croat leader, Matchek, release from internment if he would take on Pavelitch's job. Nothing doing.

Pavelitch, ex-assassin Prime Minister of Croatia, is the latest to escape bomb or bullet: six of his bodyguard were wounded by a bomb thrown at the ministerial offices in Zagreb, and they 've arrested a former pal of Pavelitch's, the Defence Minister "Marshal" Kvaternik. But Croat-quisling politics don't matter a hoot; what matters is that a bomb was thrown in the right direction. Shortly before the Zagreb attempt, a student fired on Tiso, the quisling Prime Minister of Slovakia.

The old Czech creature, quisling Hacha, goes unmolested, but that has a dual explanation. The unfortunate Czechs are still suffering from the murderous Heydrich reprisals which would be recommenced on the slenderest excuse; and Hacha is not considered worth attacking, being merely a decrepit rubber-stamp. The real quisling criminals are marked men and women.

France's two leading quislings are among those having a warmer time. Bombs follow Doriot from meeting to meeting, while Laval, with last year's bullet still in his chest and causing syncopies when the Germans press him "unbearably," has increased his constant bodyguard to eight toughs, their trigger-fingers ever itching.

It is a toss-up which quisling has most helped Hitler: Laval, or Antonescu who mobilised 400,000 against Russia. Laval's mobilisation of French production in favour of the Nazi war machine, coupled with the Indo-China treachery, would seem to put French quislingism as having been the most damaging to the Allies.

As for the original specimen, Vidkun Quisling himself, this frightened bully moves abroad but rarely and then only in the middle of a tightly-drawn bodyguard of his Hirden guards, at time to the tune of twenty and more. What a life! What a prospect! And how much more attractive to cultivate one's garden! Quisling's latest garden is in an Oslo suburb where his new villa suggests a strong-point rather than a dwelling-house.

If any of Hitler's brilliant notions ever proved no-go, it is surely the whole conception of quislings. By now these traitors were to have been the accepted leaders in their various countries, representing the Master of the New Order. Instead, where are they? Execrated and complaining of "ill-health" and wanting to chuck it. Or else dodging bombs and bullets or with the constant threat of one or the other hanging over them.

Yet liquidation is not necessarily the best method with the mean wretches. Such action may bring down ghastly German "retribution" on hostages. The most remunerative way is to cause leading quislings to want to walk out on their Nazi masters. That way also reflects on the New Order. One quisling so interrupted in his fell work now is worth half a dozen rounded up for Allied retributive action after victory.

The thing is to stop the quislings' treachery *now*, to prosecute a sustained, devious but clear-cut war *now* on skunks who are substantially helping the Germans.

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE QUISLINGS AND "COLLABORATIONISTS" OF VICHY FRANCE

July 14 is "Bastille Day"—a great day in French history. This year, it will be recalled, General de Gaulle and the Underground organisations throughout France appealed to the population to hold "disciplined" demonstrations in all towns in the then-Unoccupied Territory between the hours of 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. on France's National Day. This was done by all loyal Frenchmen as an act of hostility to the collaborationists and Quislings of Vichy. The biggest demonstrations took place in Marseilles (where three men were shot), and in Lyons, where 100,000 patriots marched with flags to the strains of the Marseillaise. The above picture was taken in the Rue de la Republique in Lyons between 6.50 and 6.55 p.m. on July 14. Thousands marched down the street, and crowds of sympathisers lined the pavements. The houses were beflagged in answer to de Gaulle's appeal. At the moment shown above, the police had just arrived to form a barricade against the further march of the demonstrators

THE DUTCH QUISLING AND HIS MASTER: Anton Mussert (on left), chief of the Dutch Nazi Party, and "a second-rate engineer," who has thrown in his lot with his country's enemies

THE BOMBING OF THE U-BOAT BASES

Air Ministry Photographs Taken During the Actual Attack on Lorient by U.S. Flying Fortresses During Daylight on the 21st October, when the Big American Bombers were Supported by R.A.F. Spitfires

AS THE ATTACK ON LORIENT, IN BRITTANY, BEGAN: A PAIR OF HEAVY BOMBS FALL TOWARDS THE TARGET immediately after their release from a Fortress. The U-boat shelter can be seen on the right (in a line with the shoulder of the bomb-fin): partly visible through the aperture in the fin itself is a block of shelters. It is here at Lorient the Atlantic submarines come in to be repaired and refitted in Occupied France: the "pens" which receive them are built of concrete and are camouflaged from observation from above—(*See notes, and further illustrations, on the following page*)

b

THE BOMBING OF THE U-BOAT BASES *(continued)*

DURING THE DAYLIGHT ATTACK ON LORIENT ON OCTOBER 21: HOW THE ATTACK OF THE FORTRESSES DEVELOPED, AND WHAT BEFELL: A—shows a later stage of the bomb-burst shown in the picture at the top of the facing page; **B**—Bomb-bursts about the southernmost floating dock; the U-boat is completely enveloped; **C**—Many bursts near the shelter entrance, and between the central block and the incomplete block of shelters to the south; **D**—Bursts at the northern end of the incomplete block of shelters; **E**—Bursts on and near subsidiary buildings between the central block of shelters and the Long Basin; **F**—Two direct hits on a large building between the central block of shelters and the Long Basin

On October 21 the important enemy submarine base at Lorient was attacked by Flying Fortresses of the U.S. Army Air Force. At the same time the aerodrome at Maupertus, near Cherbourg, was also bombed. Both attacks were made in daylight, and at both places bombs were seen to burst on the targets.

At Lorient the very clear and explicit pictures reproduced here were taken actually whilst the attack was in progress. This Breton port has, for long, served the Germans as a U-boat base: it is here that special "pens" were constructed, so that, when the submarines returned after their depredations in the Atlantic and elsewhere, they could be repaired and refuelled in comparative safety. By bombing the port in daylight, however, the big U.S. aircraft were able to place their bombs with the greater accuracy.

The Fortresses were escorted by Spitfires of Fighter Command, R.A.F. As they crossed the enemy coast on their way to the target, formations of F.W. 190s attacked the bombers, and a continuous running battle was fought for some distance. Three Fortresses were missing—but nine of the enemy fighters were destroyed by the powerfully-armed bombers!

The picture reproduced on the preceding page, in particular, is a wonderful specimen of the aerial photography of to-day: it gives an exact view of the target as it would be seen by the bomb-aimer at the moment of the release of his bombs.

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THE WALRUS WHICH HOPPED OVER A MINE—

An Incident During a Channel Rescue

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

A Fighter Command pilot, flying a Whirlwind, had been forced to bale out a few miles from the French coast—into the middle of a German minefield! A Walrus amphibian aircraft operated by the R.A.F.'s Rescue Service went to his aid. "We landed safely on the water," said the rescue pilot, "and in turning to taxi across to the fighter pilot, we passed between two mines with 4 ft. to spare on each side. My gunner threw a rope to the pilot sitting in his dinghy Then we got started. But just as we were gaining speed I saw a mine about 15 yds. dead in front of us. I managed to bounce the Walrus over it, and the aircraft bounced another six times before it eventually became air-borne"

THE CONSTANT ADAPTATION OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT

Hampdens are Now Being Used as Torpedo-Bombers

—Drawing by Roland Davies

With the conversion of Hampden bombers to torpedo-carriers with the R.A.F. Coastal Command, the margin of safety for German supply shipping operating along the Norwegian coast has been considerably reduced. Bergen was practically the limit of the effective range of Coastal Command's Beauforts and Hudsons; beyond that point the ships had to contend only with British submarines. But the Hampdens, with their greater powers of endurance, can range much farther afield in search of their prey, and fiords and anchorages north of Bergen, which were once looked upon by German seamen as "reception areas," now come within the danger zone. The majority of the Hampden squadrons, which are now filling the same role as that so effectively played in Coastal Command by Beauforts since the early days of the war, formerly operated with Bomber Command and have a distinguished list of battle honours. With the change over from bomb-carrying to torpedo-carrying, many technical problems arose. But these were solved by the members of a Royal Australian Air Force squadron.

HOW THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED AT EL ALAMEIN : The terrific drumfire barrage by 25-pounders massed at 23-yard intervals and supported by heavier metal behind—the heaviest British bombardment since the last war.—*Drawing by P. Padden*

All who witnessed it agree that the artillery barrage which preceded General Montgomery's opening attack was comparable in intensity with those terrific assaults by massed guns which figured so conspicuously in the last war. R.A.F. pilots reported that the whole front was ablaze with bursting shells, tracers and burning vehicles for 30 miles from the Mediterranean to the Qattara Depression. The British 25-pounder certainly came into its own : spaced at 23-yard intervals, and backed up by heavier metal behind, for fifteen minutes the drumfire barrage blasted the enemy lines. On every hillock, every rise, every dune of higher ground, were rows of officers and men, "like spectators at a football match, watching this giant show of thunder and lightning."

Below—**THE SIGNAL DEFEAT OF ROMMEL'S STUKAS by the R.A.F.**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Writing in the earlier stages of the great battle in Egypt, one war correspondent went so far as to say : "These are terrible days for the *Luftwaffe*" : later events were to prove that they were catastrophic. The incident illustrated here occurred when our fighters scored a notable success in smashing up an attempted mass attack by Stukas. Intercepted over our forward positions at dusk, the enemy was obviously trying to take advantage of the failing light ; but our fighters were soon in amongst them, and three Ju. 87's went reeling to earth. It should be noted that the fires seen in the distance are those of burning Axis store dumps : these were fired, not by our bombers, but by the enemy who had not time to retrieve them

ONE OF THE WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES

How Alexander's Strategy and Montgomery's Tactics Defeated Rommel—and Can Defeat Germany

An Analysis of the Alamein Conflict

By DONALD COWIE

THAT drumfire of the night of November 1-2 was, perhaps, the decisive blow—a concentrated barrage not only of shells, but also of bombs, on an Axis army which, for all its strong system of field fortifications, had no adequate protection against it : indeed, little psychological defence, either, for hitherto these young Germans and Italians had known chiefly a different kind of war. Cowering in their shallow trenches, or behind their little redoubts of rubble and sandbags, they had to endure a continuous deluge of the most vicious modern high-explosive missiles, which, when not instantly lethal, crashed so clangorously on to the rock-bed beneath the shallow sand, that nerve was soon dulled, if not directly broken. It was the decisive blow, coming after nine days of mounting British attacks, delivered unwaveringly against the very heart of Rommel's defence system ; and, as it led to the immediate desert victory, it may have pointed the way to a greater achievement still.

The picture remains vague for many people, and must be incomplete for some time yet, but the outline should be clear if it is remembered how the battle stood just before that tumultuous night. Rommel had hinged his forces on the coastal gap between the sea at Tel el Eisa and the great ridge leading to the Qattara Depression. Evidently he had believed

his anti-tank defences would be too strong for the Eighth Army to attempt a frontal assault at this vital hinge, and had hoped, with the self-deceiving optimism of the defender, that we would prefer to strike mainly across the interminable ridges of the south.

But General Alexander had already brought to Egypt a new method in desert strategy. Where so many others had failed (in allowing the Panzers always to escape and boomerang back), he was resolved to succeed; and it was his idea to pin down the Axis defenders in a titanic slogging-match at the strongest and most concentrated part of their defence system. He had mounted superior strength in artillery and bombing aircraft for the purpose. Hundreds of new tanks from Britain and America were massed behind, to be used at the proper moment. Every aeroplane, every submarine, was directed in a simultaneous drive. The Alexandrian strategy was very akin to that of his historical namesake—the striking of an irresistible blow at the enemy's principal army and his lines of communication conjointly. And so we return to that shell-rent night, and the second major push forward of Montgomery's land force.

***On right*—THE STRAFING OF ROMMEL'S BASES: The attack on the Axis seaplane base at Bomba**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The small Italianised Arab town of Bomba, on the way to Derna, was converted by the Italians into a seaplane base. During the steady bombing of all Rommel's supply points, Bomba was attacked by a small force of long-range fighters of the R.A.F.: four Cant 506 seaplanes and five other aircraft were hit and badly damaged, and the R.A.F. planes then went straight on to Gazala—to shoot up a parade of enemy troops, about fifty of whom are believed to have been killed. The four R.A.F. planes returned safely to their base

It was predicted in a survey of the first part of the battle last week that, if the new desert method might be bloody, it might also be decisive, especially if that massive Axis hinge at the north end of the Tel el Eisa-Qattara line were smashed. Then all Rommel's defence scheme would collapse, as it would be impossible for his army to pivot backwards from the south, screening the coastal road and railway. But something more than a smashing of the hinge would be necessary if the Panzer divisions were to be completely broken up. Montgomery had doubtless consulted long on the point with Alexander and the Cairo Staff. The new tactics were accordingly put into operation as follows:

First the overwhelming bombardment from massed guns and planes; second, the advance of picked infantry—the Australians and the Highlanders—often across live minefields to engage the Axis machine-gunners with tommy-gun and bayonet; while, third, the sappers followed to remove mines (and lose most of their officers in the gallant work); fourth, the partial advance through the gaps of tanks—but only the partial advance. This had already been enacted in a dozen sectors up till the second major attack on November 2. Its object was two-fold: to lure the enemy into the launching of self-destructive counter-attacks, and to keep our own tanks fresh.

They were shrewd readers of the German mind who had conceived that plan. Rommel in person led one of the Axis counter-attacks, which culminated in a drive against the Australian infantry who had reached the most forward position along the railway line from Tel el Eisa. These virile men had carved a bulge through the Axis defence system, and left

(*Continued on page* 242)

THE STRAFING OF ROMMEL'S SUPPLY SHIPS ALONG THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST: A German supply vessel blown sky-high by a R.A.F. torpedo-bomber as she neared Tobruk Harbour after the offensive by the Eighth Army had opened—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Before the opening of the Battle of Alamein, it has been stated that not a single tanker reached Rommel's supply bases for six weeks. Amongst the supply vessels which plied between Italy and the North African ports, although some got through, the great majority were intercepted either by the Navy or the R.A.F. and blown to pieces. The incident depicted here took place as two merchant vessels were attempting to reach Tobruk Harbour in the opening days of this month—the first Axis supply ships to hazard the perilous crossing since three were sunk on October 26. The escort of destroyers and patrol boats put up a thick smoke-screen when spotted by reconnaissance aircraft; but by midnight one of the merchantmen (presumably loaded with ammunition) had exploded as the result of a torpedo-hit. At dawn another bomber formation found the second ship—a little nearer to the shore. A well-aimed torpedo hit her amidships, as above, and she too was blown sky-high. In this picture the vessel on the left is an enemy escort ship putting up a fierce anti-aircraft barrage, supported by the shore batteries at Tobruk

THE GREAT ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH TANKS IN PURSUIT OF THE RETRE

MILITARY POLICE, WHO PLACED GUIDE-POSTS WHERE NECESSARY. The mosque of

When the Eighth Army finally marched to the great assault of the Axis forces in the opening days of November, the desert was very quickly churned up into soft, powdered dust. Artificially-created tracks were made by the heavy traffic, and these soon became recognisable from the conventional signs stuck on posts at intervals to mark the way. "The whole Army appeared to be moving up along the track which we chose," wrote one eye-witness. "One had to pause from time to time, but that was better than making a detour to either side with the attendant risk of at best running deep into soft sand." "Red-caps," too, came into the picture. They were essential to mark routes as they were made and control the immense

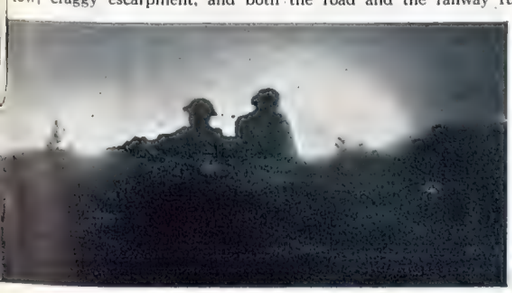
On left — **INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY ADVANCE TOGETHER : Often enough the guns went ahead of the infantry, who passed them as they were in action against the enemy ahead**

On right — **ALLIED INFANTRYMEN preparing to climb out of their positions and charge into the enemy's battered lines as the end of the barrage approached**

ATING AXIS FORCES: THEY RUMBLED BY IN NEVER-ENDING LINES, DIRECTED BY Sidi Abd el Rahman can be seen across the battlefield—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

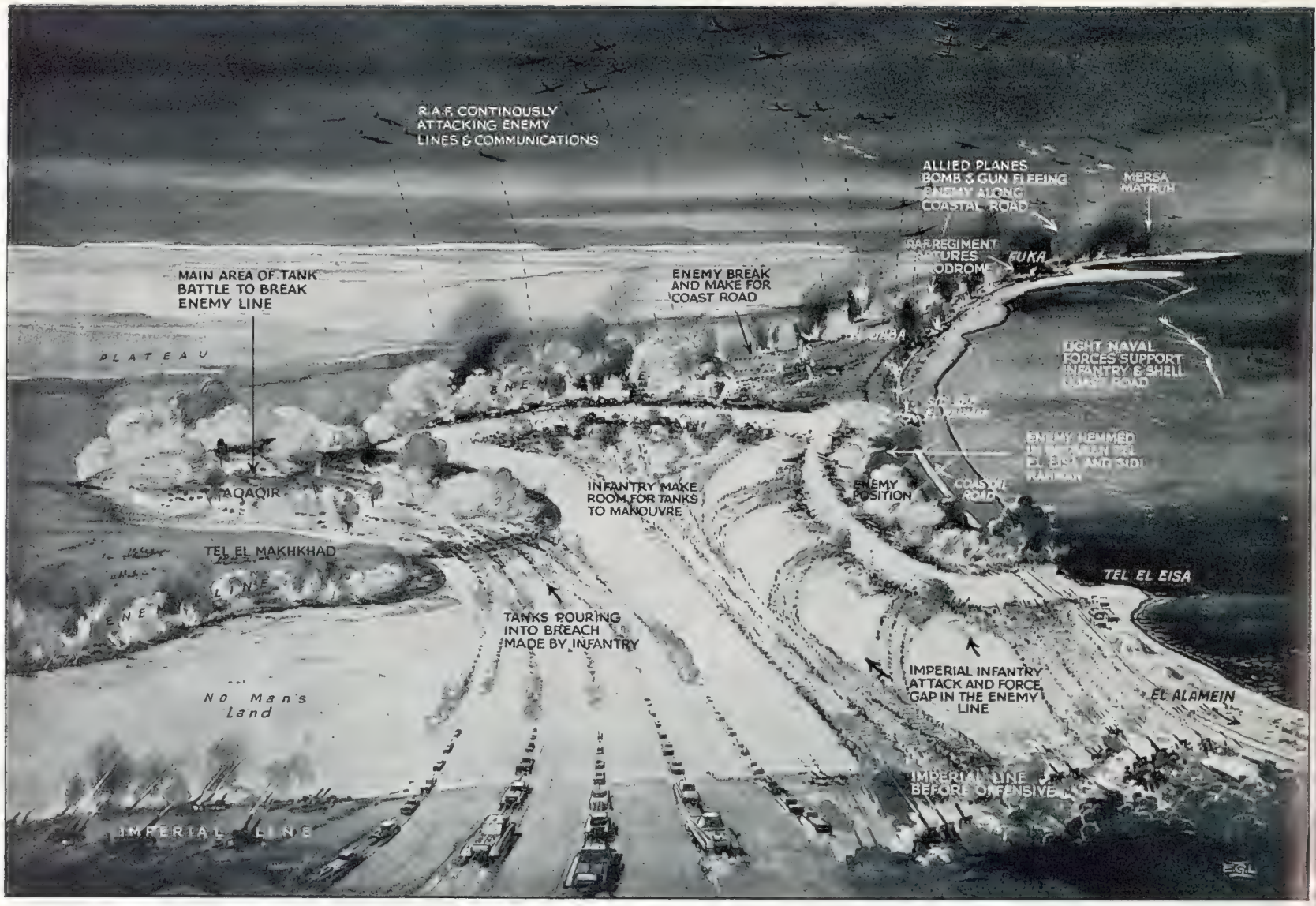
volume of traffic being rushed through gaps in the minefields. So brilliantly have they worked that the officer commanding the Armoured Division praised them in a special Order of the Day.

On the right in the above picture is seen the mosque and minaret of Sidi Abd el Rahman: there is no village at this spot—nothing but a railway station, a few plate-layers' huts and a tiny Arab police post. The mosque is of the usual type to be found in the Libyan desert, with a tall, slender minaret. Here the desert railway curves slightly to the north to avoid a low, craggy escarpment, and both the road and the railway run close to the sea.

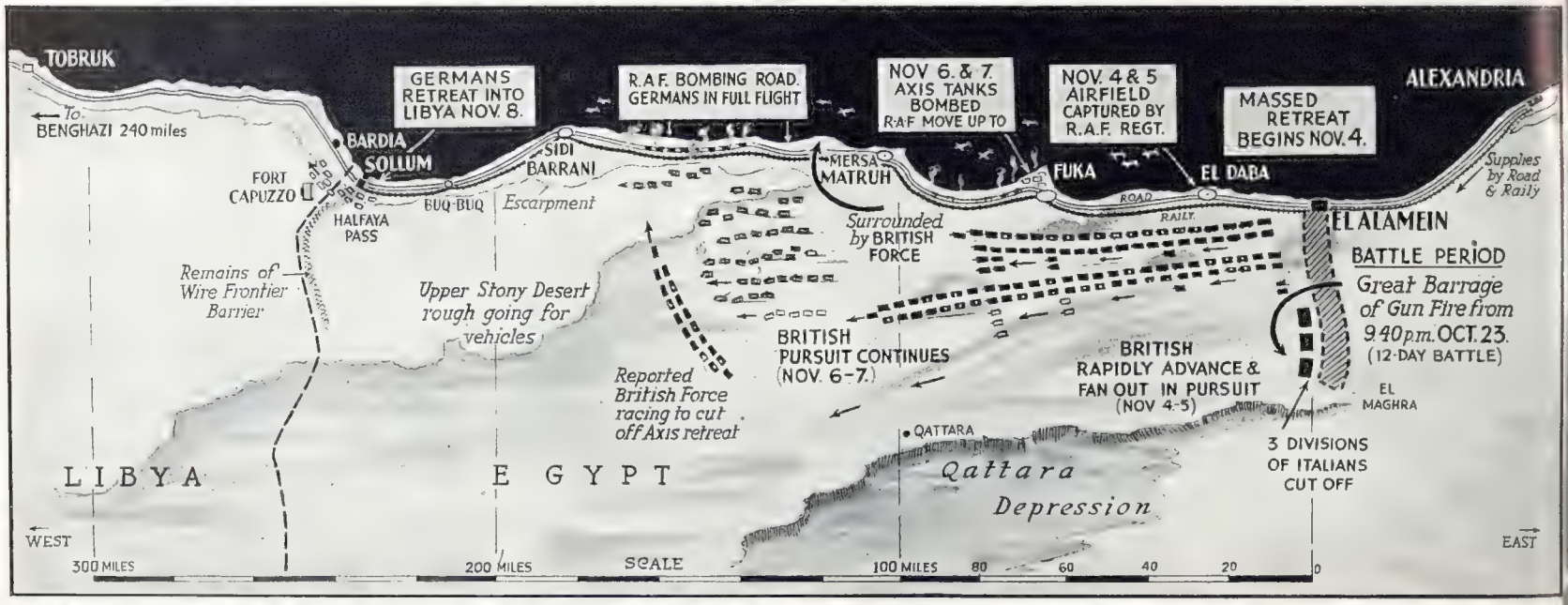


***On right*—BRITISH 25-POUNDERS firing at enemy anti-tank gun positions**

The three photographs reproduced here are amongst the first to reach this country of the earlier stages of the Alamein battle. No spectacular successes were then claimed by the Eighth Army, and no major tank battles had yet been fought. But the artillery had already demonstrated its terrific weight, and given the Axis a taste of what was to come a few days later, when the real Offensive began



THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FLIGHT TO THE WEST: British tanks pouring into the Tel el Akakir (Hill of the Wicked) area, whilst the Infantry of the Eighth Army make room through the minefields for other British tank forces to operate towards Sidi Abd el Rahman and Fuka. One of the most conspicuous aspects of this stage of the struggle was the defeat of Rommel's tanks by the British armoured forces, which broke the Axis resistance after a large number of German and Italian tanks had been destroyed. This took place at Akakir, to the southward of Sidi Abd el Rahman. After this action the Germans began their rapid retreat to the west—only to meet with heavy bombing by the R.A.F. and shelling from the sea by British light naval forces moving parallel with the main road—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE FLIGHT CONTINUES: A RECORD OF SIX DAYS OF CONTINUOUS RETREAT BY ROMMEL ACROSS THE LIBYA-EGYPT FRONTIER. The westward movement began on November 4 and continued with increasing pace throughout the extent of this chart for six days. Only a partial pause was made at Mersa Matruh for a rearguard action. No stand was made at Halfaya, and the surviving Panzer and Infantry Divisions crossed the Egyptian frontier on November 8 and 9

One of the WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES *(Continued from p. 239)*

behind a pocket of the enemy, between the line and the sea. Rommel's blind impetuosity got some leading tanks across to these. But our own armour refused to be drawn. It kept at a sober distance from the Axis attackers, lying hull-down and adding its sharp fire-power to the weight of our steady anti-tank fire. Thus the Panzers were forced to expose themselves bitterly, and to lose a squadron there, a squadron here. Our own infantry and tanks, by this method, were never exposed piecemeal. By Montgomery's tactics in this part of the battle, our infantry and tanks always had full field and anti-tank artillery protection.

The second great barrage was laid down on the night of November 1-2, because the last of Rommel's counter-attacks had broken utterly against the solid British lines (held very similarly and with equal patience to those of Wellington in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. Remember Napoleon's final, despairing cavalry charges?). It was the correct moment to complete the demoralisation of the bewildered Axis infantry. So the artillery thundered.

Precisely at dawn on November 2, our own huge tank force began to move forward. The roar of engines and rumble and squeak of tracks were still soft beneath the hurricane whine of the great shells overhead. The tanks advanced in their sinuous line, churning sand into a continuous, following cloud, and, after a short journey, they came into the open at last, minefields and strong-points behind, only the remains of the Panzer divisions ahead. The Germans said next day there were easily 500 of ours, Mark IIIs and IVs, as well as General Grants and that formidable new American type, the General Shermans. They shouted that some of these had reached "the rear of the German-Italian line," to join in "the greatest tank battle of the whole African campaign."

The details of that battle have to be disclosed. But it took place round a slight eminence known as Tel el Akakir (Kidney Hill to our men), about seven miles south of Sidi Abd el Rahman (next station after Tel el Eisa on the railway line west), and by the end of the day the Panzers were broken. One of our armoured brigades knocked out no fewer than 70 tanks, mostly belonging to the 21st Panzer Division. The other chief German weapon in North Africa, the 15th Division, was scattered on the

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THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK IN 1942: **On the right of the Statue of Liberty is an impression of how the city used to blaze with lights before America's entry into the war: on the left is shown the manner in which the lighting was reduced, first to fifteen storeys and then to ten storeys. Formerly the glow of light was visible for a distance of 100 miles, and shipping was thrown up in relief: now the glow from the city's buildings has been materially reduced**
—Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in the U.S.A.)

LIFE IN NEW YORK

Under War Conditions

The first thing which must strike any Briton visiting New York is the lack of "black-out." There is certainly a lessening of the brilliance of pre-war days, when lights flashed and blazed in Broadway, but the "dim-out" seems negligible to the inky blackness of London after sunset. Shop windows are, however, no longer illuminated at night and the Neon lights blazoning news to the sky are cut off. Lower windows of the great tall buildings can still remain undarkened, but above the tenth floor they are supposed to show no light, though the curtains and blinds are not of the "black-out" quality which would satisfy the strict requirements in England, where the A.R.P. wardens are severe over the slightest glimmer of light.

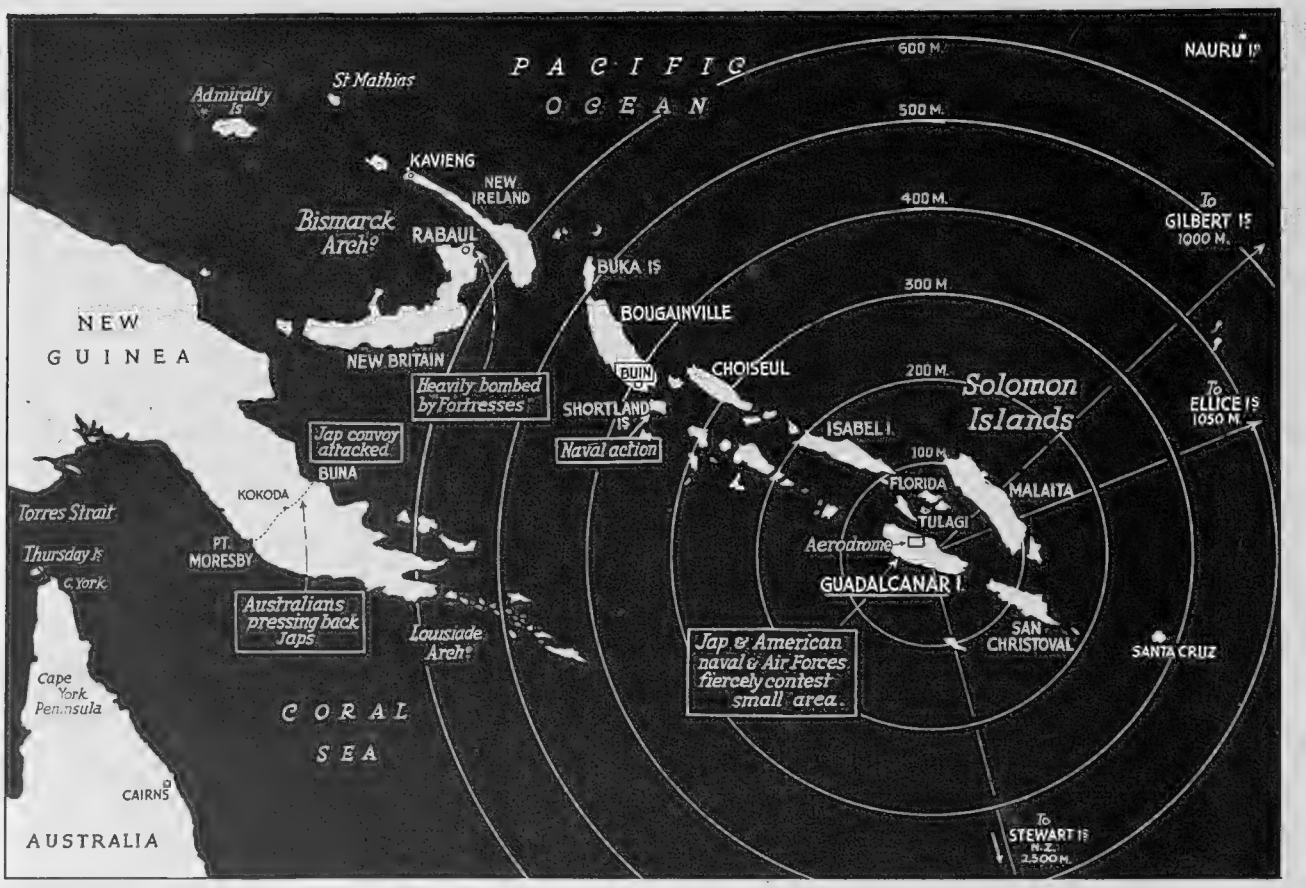
Business is booming in New York this autumn, and theatre managers and hotel proprietors are smiling. The visitors who are crowding into the hotels are not those who are totally unused to the luxuries of hotel life, but apparently people accustomed to decent living who have suddenly found they have plenty of spending money. As for the theatres, so busy has been the business that at popular shows hundreds have had to stand each night.

All the shops are full of attractive things to buy—even silk stockings are plentiful—and the streets carry their customary crowd of well-dressed shoppers. The only strange thing is the number of Servicemen in uniform, hitherto a very rare sight. Mixed with them are to be seen some British Tommies, some Highlanders and naval men. All these are obviously enjoying themselves, finding life in New York first-rate. They are very popular, are overwhelmed with generous hospitality—indeed, they have sometimes found that after a meal at a restaurant some kindly guest has already paid their bill as a token of friendship. The Marines complain that their uniform is often taken to be that of the Salvation Army and they have to explain that they are one of the fighting Services!

There is no shortage of food, which, in the restaurants, at any rate, seems wasteful. Sugar is rationed and there is a possibility that the same may happen with coffee—a slight sign is the limiting of the number of cups of coffee allowed after meals. A meatless day is now proposed by the Mayor of New York, Mr. La Guardia, a purely voluntary effort at the moment, but it is thought that it will be followed very largely.

Motor traffic is limited, not so much from shortage of petrol as lack of rubber for tyres. Trains are very crowded, and are often late, due to precedence being given to goods trains. No longer can one ring up and make "reservations" as in the easy days, for the first claim is given to Servicemen. All heavy luggage has to be registered some hours before departure, and only the lightest hand-luggage is allowed with the passengers.

So far the war still seems far away in New York. Now and again an "Alert" will give some faint indication, but as the unidentified plane always turns out to be a friendly one, the "Blue Alert" alarms no one.



THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF GUADALCANAR AND ITS AIRFIELD. The Japanese place the highest importance on this position in the Solomon group of islands: it controls a wide area in their ring of protective and aggressive outposts, and its possession by the U.S. Air Forces is a constant menace to the Jap bases at Buin and Rabaul. For this reason the battle has been fierce for its re-possession. In the meantime, the enemy has been virtually cleared out of New Guinea, and strong engagements, by air and by sea, have taken place at other points marked on the above map

The STRUGGLE in the S.-W. PACIFIC

Air and Land Warfare in the Islands off New Guinea and Australia

Special Drawings and Diagrams

Japan has gained possession of so much territory and so many islands since she began the war against the Allies that it seems surprising, at first sight, that she should struggle so desperately to regain the small island of Guadalcanar, in the Solomon Islands.

The island in itself is of no importance, has no good harbour, flourishing town, or valuable mines—but it possesses a stretch of level land which the Japanese, at great cost of imported labour, converted into an airfield. So important do they consider this airfield that they have been ready to risk naval battles, loss of many ships, the landing of troops, in the face of strong air attack.

They have airfields on Bougainville Island, one of the Solomon group of islands, and have their main naval and air base at Rabaul, in New Britain, but they evidently attach supreme importance to Guadalcanar. It is certainly situated in an excellent strategic position for an attack on Australia, but if held by the Allies, can be turned into a great danger for the Japanese at Rabaul, and for any future offensive.

The small force of American marines who have held the coveted airfield at Lunga, now called the Henderson

ALLIED BOMBERS ROUT A STRONGLY-PROTECTED JAP CONVOY which was trying to land some 7,000 troops at their base at Buna, on the north side of New Guinea, to stem the Australian advance across the Owen Stanley Mountains—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Whilst the Australian forces under Lieut.-General S. F. Rowell were advancing from Kokoda, in New Guinea, towards the important Japanese base at Buna, the enemy attempted to land some 7,000 troops from a strongly-protected convoy. This consisted of two transports of 12,000 and 10,000 tons, escorted by a light cruiser and a destroyer and an air umbrella composed of nine Jap fighter aircraft. The formation was attacked by Allied bombers: many near misses were scored on the transports and, as they retired, a direct hit was made on one of them. Five of the enemy fighters were destroyed in the encounter. In the drawing above, the shore at Buna is seen in the background: on the left a near miss is indicated on the one transport, whilst on the right a direct hit is being registered on the other. In the foreground is the Jap destroyer escort with the Convoy

BUIN HARBOUR, JAP BASE ON BOUGAINVILLE, UNDER ATTACK BY AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES: This harbour is one of the advanced bases used by the Japs in the South-West Pacific for distributing supplies. It has now been bombed a dozen times by United States and Australian aircraft. Recently Flying Fortresses have been attacking vessels in the harbour by moonlight—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During the month of October, only five aircraft were lost in the entire South-West Pacific area—of which only one was a Fortress. Yet these fine aircraft have been doing an enormous amount of hard work, with Buin, Buna and Rabaul as the principal targets. The Japanese rarely attempt fight-fighter interception; and the U.S. and Australian bombers, although without fighter protection because of the great range of their flights, have been attacking from low levels. The Fortresses, originally intended for high-level precision bombing, now sometimes sweep down in the moonlight (as above) to attack the Japanese vessels in the wide roadstead of Buin or the deep volcanic crater of the harbour of Rabaul

airfield, have been hard pressed, being utterly dependant upon supplies brought by the U.S. Navy, who have a far greater distance to travel than the Japanese. They have recently been reinforced, but are still badly in need of more torpedo-boats, artillery and planes.

Day after day the planes have been out searching for concentrations of enemy shipping, attacking them at Buin, on Bougainville Island, and at Rabaul, where they have had great success, destroying warships and cargo vessels. But still the Japanese muster more and more ships, and seem not to mind their heavy losses.

They have succeeded in landing about 10,000 troops, with tanks and heavy guns, on the western end of the island near Cape Esperance, and this force has been too strong for the Americans to overcome. They have kept the enemy at bay, repulsing attacks, but the Japanese position is so hidden in the jungle that the American planes cannot detect it for any really successful bombing. Both sides practise infiltration methods in the pitch darkness of the tropical nights.

A full-dress attack was made by the enemy on October 26, by the combined forces of land, sea and air, when the Americans had to endure constant shelling from land artillery and from the guns of the navy, which was able to come close inshore. It was a ding-dong struggle, but somehow the Marines stuck grimly through it all. At sea the enemy lost heavily, having a battleship and three aircraft-carriers hit and two destroyers sunk, besides losing 100 planes, while the U.S. naval forces also suffered the loss of a destroyer and one aircraft-carrier severely damaged.

No definite information has been given of the strength of the opposing navies, but the enemy has undoubtedly brought some of the heaviest ships to overpower the smaller American fleet.

THE SUCCESSFUL JUNGLE-FIGHTING TACTICS OF THE U.S. MARINES ON GUADALCANAR ISLAND—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The American fighting men declare that the Japs are the best jungle-fighters in the world, this opinion being based on their experiences in the Solomons, where the fighting has been of the most savage nature. But they have shown one weakness: regardless of circumstances, regardless of the hopelessness of a particular plan of action, they always strictly, stubbornly, face-savingly, fatalistically adhere to plan. They show a definite inability to improvise a new plan on the spur of the moment. They will come on, as above, to the attack of a strongly-defended point in the jungle and will go on fighting until the last man drops. That is one reason their corpses are piled up along the Tenaru River and opposite the line held by the Marines in the Guadalcanar jungle, where the fighting has been severe and continuous

In the New Guinea Battle Zone

AN AUSTRALIAN LOOK-OUT HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE OWEN STANLEY RANGE—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The Australians have been using the native tree-huts as look-out positions during their campaign against the Japs amidst the mountains of New Guinea. From these positions it has been possible to watch troop movements, and also observe the approach of hostile aircraft. As the huts were used by the natives for the purpose of watch towers, they are well sited, and suited, for the work to which the Australians are now putting them

IN NEW GUINEA: Major-General Ralph Royce (on right) and Brig.-General Michael Scanlon, both of the United States Air Corps, watch a bomber Squadron taking off from an advanced base for a raid on the Japs

THE NEW U.S. COMMANDER IN THE S.-W. PACIFIC AND HIS STAFF. In the centre (in white jacket) is Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey, who supplanted Vice-Admiral Ghormley as C.-in-C. of the U.S. Forces in the South-West Pacific. On his right hand is Captain Miles Browning, his Chief of Staff, and other Staff Officers

The COMMANDERS in NORTH AFRICA

U.S. and British Officers who are in Charge of the Widespread Operations

As has previously been stated in these pages, the Allied land operations on the North African coast are under the supreme command of Lieut.-General Dwight D. Eisenhower, of the U.S. Army. Under him, as second-in-command, is Major-General Mark Clark—just promoted to Lieut.-General by the President for the secret mission which he led to discuss affairs with pro-Allied French leaders.

Our own Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, former Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet and until recently in Washington, is in supreme command of the British and American naval forces.

Some of the higher British and U.S. officers acting under the supreme commanders are portrayed on this page.

IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FIRST ARMY, Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson, whose troops are operating in Algeria and towards Tunisia. Major-General Ryder (in command of the U.S. force which captured Algiers) is under his orders. General Anderson is fifty years of age: he went from India to France early in the war, and at Dunkirk he commanded a Division. Until two months ago he was G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command

COMMANDING THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, Air Marshal Sir William Welsh, who is directly responsible to Lieut.-General Dwight Eisenhower. He began his Service career as a midshipman in the R.N.R. He was Director of Organisation at the Air Ministry from 1934-37; Air Member for Supply and Organisation on the Air Council from 1937-40; and he has been C.-in-C., Flying Training Command since 1941

THE U.S. OFFICER WHO CAPTURED ORAN, Major-General Lloyd Fredendall, to whom General Eisenhower said that a "clean-up" must be made on November 10. "He started in and made a fine job of it," said the C.-in-C. One of his first successes was to capture vital airfields surrounding the port

IN COMMAND OF THE LANDING FORCES AT ALGIERS, Major-General Charles Ryder, of the U.S. Army, who is under the British General Anderson. His troops surrounded the Governor-General's palace, and tanks appeared at important road junctions. Within 18 hours General Ryder was in control of the city

THE U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER, Rear-Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, who is acting under the supreme orders of Admiral Cunningham. To carry out the North African occupations, a naval force of 350 warships was gathered in this theatre, charged with the convoy of 500 merchantmen and transports

On left—**COLONEL EDSON D. RAFF, of the American Paratroop Corps:** The U.S. paratroops played a decisive part in the operations at Oran: they reached there after an eight-hour dash from England, travelling 1,500 miles by air direct from Britain to the battlefield. Colonel Raff, who led them, stated that he could do the job if he had personal command of his own battalion. The previous longest airborne troop movement was a mere 400 miles flown by the Germans between Namsos and Narvik during the Norwegian campaign

On right—**MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON,** wearing the special battle uniform of the U.S. Armoured Corps. He is the Commander of the Allied forces which landed on the West Coast of Africa, and was thus responsible for a number of highly-successful operations. When U.S. troops marched into Rabat, the capital of Morocco, it was General Patton who was at their head, and who paid tribute to the memory of Marshal Lyautey, founder of the French North African Empire

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF BRITAIN

The First of a Series of Three Articles on the Country's Man and Woman Power and the Work of the Ministry of Labour

By CHARLES GRAVES

A SERIES of compliments has recently been paid to British industry and the British nation by American experts. They voice astonishment at the efficiency of woman labour and the amazing output per head of the population. The Cabinet has gone further. It has been stated flatly that the amount of work done per head of the population of Great Britain is greater than that of any other country in the world, including Germany. Germany, indeed, has not yet got down to the mobilisation of women. The reason is that the mobilisation of women is done by sympathetic direction and instruction, and even Hitler's Gestapo are not as effective as the moral will to win the war.

Women have never before been conscripted, so the decision taken in December 1941 was historic in every sense of the word. Many people do not realise, however, that Mr. Ernest Bevin received powers from Parliament in May 1940 to direct any person—peer, man, woman or child of any age—to any job anywhere which the person is capable of performing at the "rate for the job."

The total population of Great Britain is 46,750,000, and 33,250,000 are between fourteen and sixty-five. It is the latter figure which is important for the Minister of Labour in calculating available population for employment in the war effort. Germany, with its satellites and occupied territories, has 260,000,000 persons in a similar category. In Great Britain, 16,000,000 of the 33,250,000 are men, and the remainder are women. Of these women, 11,000,000 are married or occupied in necessary household duties; and there are in Great Britain 9,000,000 children under fourteen who must be looked after particularly in wartime by women. When we reach the age group between eighteen and sixty-four, only 4,500,000 women are unmarried, and the number to whom the National Service Act applies at present is barely 1,500,000.

The mobilisation of man and woman power has been effected:

(1) By voluntary recruitment. (This was the only method of enrolling women until April 1941.)

(2) By compulsory registration for national service in the Armed Forces under the National Service Acts. Compulsory registration for military service was applied to men in the twenty and twenty-one age groups in May 1939; since the outbreak of war, to men up to forty-one; since December 1941, to men up to fifty-one. Up to December 1941 men were not posted to the Forces below the age of nineteen, but in that month the age was lowered to eighteen and a half, and in October 1942 it was lowered to eighteen.

Under Royal Proclamation, men between the ages of eighteen and forty-one had been registered by the end of 1941. A Royal Proclamation of March 5, 1942, extended the immediate operation of the National Service Act to men who had reached the age of eighteen and not the age of forty-six.

The National Service Act (No. 2) 1941 introduced general powers to conscript women. These are at present applied only to single women between twenty and thirty years, and provision was made for their calling-up in the Royal Proclamations of December 18, 1941 and March 5, 1942. So far (October 1942) only women in the twenty to twenty-four groups have actually been called up.

(3) By compulsory registration under the Registration for Employment Order. The Order was made on March 15, 1941. The first registration of men took place on April 5, 1941, and the first registration of women on April 19, 1941. Under this Order both men and women may be directed to employment in essential industry if they are not already employed to the best national advantage.

Men have been registered for employment in the forty-two to fifty age groups. Women have been registered in the age groups nineteen to forty-five.

Under the National Service Acts and Registration for Employment Order, about 18,000,000 men and women had been registered by the end of October 1942. The total of all registrations for all forms of national service, with the Armed Forces, for industry, fire-watching and in youth registrations (under which boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen are encouraged but not compelled to undertake some form of war service), was stated to be about 25,000,000 at the end of October 1942.

The Minister of Labour on October 21, 1942, stated in the House of Commons that the total number of persons gainfully "occupied" (including the Armed Forces at home and abroad) and including also an appropriate allowance for persons employed on a part-time basis, is estimated to be of the order of 23,500,000. This does not take into account any forms of voluntary work, such as that of married women with domestic responsibilities who are taking in lodgers and evacuees; nor does it take account of schoolchildren and students over fourteen, or members of W.V.S. and other organisations giving voluntary service in canteens, nursery schools, etc.; nor does it take account of the sick or incapable. It is estimated that there might be another 2,000,000 in these additional classes.

By December 1941 it was estimated that already 1,000,000 more men were employed on munitions than at the end of the last war. The total number of female workers in all industries and the Forces, excluding private domestic service, is estimated at about 6,750,000. At least 250,000 women were occupied on part-time work; 77½ per cent. of boys and 67½ per cent. of girls between fourteen and seventeen were now engaged on war work. These figures were the estimated numbers of insured juveniles in all kinds of work, expressed as percentages of the total population of the same ages.

The control of labour has been effected by the Restriction on Engagement, the Control of Engagement Order, and the Essential Work Order. One of the first steps to be taken was the application of the Restriction on Engagement Order to the engineering industry and to the building and civil engineering industries in order to stop the growing evil of the poaching of skilled labour. The Order also contained provisions to ensure that workers in agriculture and coal-mining were retained in those industries. These were initial measures. Early in 1942 a long-term policy was developed which was designed to secure the stabilisation of labour in essential war industries. To this end the Essential Work Order was introduced. Under this Order, restriction is imposed on the employer's peacetime freedom to discharge, or the employee's peacetime freedom to quit the job; but it went further than that. When an undertaking is scheduled, it is required to pay every employee a guaranteed minimum weekly wage. The Order also makes provision for dealing with absenteeism and persistent lateness. On September 16, 1942, Essential Work Orders covered 54,000 undertakings employing 7,500,000 men and women. Proceedings against workers for absenteeism have been only 1 in 30,000, and cases of imprisonment for this offence have occurred only at the rate of 1 in 185,000.

The next step in the control of employment was a measure relating to women. With the increasing numbers of women going into industry during 1941, it became necessary to ensure that they should be directed to the places where they were most urgently needed. Accordingly, in January of this year the Control of Engagement Order was made, under which all engagements of women up to the age of thirty are required to be made through the Employment Exchanges or through approved employment agencies.

It would have been impossible to do all this without the co-operation of employers and workers, and there has been consultation with industry on all phases of man-power policy.

One of the Minister of Labour's chief problems has been the adjustment of the balance between the requirements of the Forces and the needs of industry. This is where the Schedule of Reserved Occupations proved valuable. It was compiled on an occupational basis, and all mainly employed on occupation named in the Schedule were given the same reservation without regard to the industry or firm by which they were employed. With the increasing need for man-power, a more flexible instrument of adjustment was required, and the Ministry changed over in December 1941 from the system of block reservation to the system of individual deferment under which the test of a man's continued deferment is the importance to the war effort of the work upon which he is engaged. The deferment of the calling-up of the men in a number of services and professions is dealt with under special schemes. It was clear that Whitehall officials could not, for example, judge the individual merits of lawyers and decide which were key-men. The Law Society accepted this responsibility. Advisory committees agreed to be responsible for similar decisions affecting musicians, actors, journalists, and the like.

No wonder it is now officially estimated that the state of mobilisation in this country has reached a point where 98 per cent. of men under thirty and mobile women are now engaged in war work of some kind. A mobile woman is one who is unmarried and has no responsibilities.

The more one studies the scope of the Ministry of Labour, the more one realises its gigantic network on man-power alone.

Day nurseries are now being opened at the rate of 100 a month to free mothers for war work; disabled men and women have to be trained and resettled in industry; war workers have to be continually up-graded to more highly skilled work; British subjects in foreign countries whose services are of value to the war effort have to be brought to the United Kingdom, while skilled men have had to be sent abroad for important work in India, Persia, Turkey and elsewhere. Workers of all kinds are being recruited from Eire; labour with special qualifications, such as lumbermen from Newfoundland, who have to be imported for tree-felling, and Indians from India for training a nucleus of munition workers. Allied and friendly alien nationals have had to be trained for munition works or used in the Pioneer Corps.

And here is an immediate point: we have captured more Germans and Italians than they have captured of our troops, but the bulk of them are too far away to bring back to this country for war work. Hitler has literally millions of captured prisoners of war whom he is forcing to work for him. It looks, in fact, as though he has been unable to maintain that delicate balance between requirements of the *Wehrmacht* and the needs of his industry and agriculture. And that alone may win the war for us.

MISS KATHLEEN BLADES, who was a butcher's assistant before the war, seats herself on crates of cannon-shells as she burrs other shells to be used in the guns which her factory is producing. The latter have been used with great success in British fighter aircraft

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WOMEN AT WAR:

Some New Pictures of Wartime Occupations in British Shipyard and Factory

WOMEN AS ELECTRIC WELDERS IN THE SHIPYARD: Mrs. Thomson with her team: Note the head-gear which screens their faces from the intense light of the electric arcs

SOME OF THE WOMEN WELDERS, photographed whilst filing the edges of the ships' manholes: Mrs. Margaret Thomson, a thirty-six-year-old mother of eight children, is a charge hand at the head of six girl electric welders, who are now hard at work in one of Britain's shipyards. Although the work is strenuous, Mrs. Thomson rises at 5.45 each morning, and with her team puts in at least 60 hours a week. They are out in all weathers and sometimes have to work under difficult conditions, but they have never been known to miss a minute on the job. The shipyard they work in is run by structural engineers who have built, among other things, two famous bridges, and it is the only yard in Britain to build small ships entirely by welding and without any rivets

MISS DOROTHY SHERRIFF, making final examination and adjustments on a cannon gun in a factory which is engaged on producing weapons for our fighter aircraft

PREPARING THE GUNS TO SHOOT DOWN THE ENEMY IN THE AIR: A scene in a British factory where girls are assisting in the assembly of the Mark II cannon guns, which have been used with so much success in British fighter planes

NORWEGIAN WRENS LEARN HOW TO FIGHT: These girls are attached to a Norwegian Naval Squadron: here they learn to shoot as part of their training, in addition to the more usual physical training

WOMEN MAKING SAILS FOR LIFEBOATS and tarpaulins for Merchant ships in a well-known loft on the north-east coast. In the days before steam sails were made in this loft for famous windjammers

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE EUROPE OF LAST WINTER

A Shrewd and Vivid Chronicle by an American Correspondent; Sketches and Personal Reminiscences by Eric Benfield; An Interesting Collection of Short Stories; The 1943 Saturday Book

TIME RUNS OUT, by Henry Taylor (Collins. 10s. 6d.), is another of those "inside Europe" books by an American correspondent, written around the events of last winter. Mr. Taylor was one of the first to fly from this country to Sweden during the war. From thence he went to Finland and found that country "caught between two great Powers." Because he was a friend of Prince Charles, he was able to see many things in a Sweden which he describes as being "fed through a cage." From thence he went to Germany, where, among other things, he discovered that "the Nazis have dedicated themselves heartily to make us think Germany will fall apart." He went to Switzerland, where they know "the Alps are lower for Hitler than they were for Hannibal." On to Vichy in time to be present at the violent end of General Huntziger, who signed the Armistice with Hitler at Compiègne. And so to Madrid, where he was tailed by the Gestapo, and reflects that Franco is "sitting on a volcano."

At Gibraltar he discussed war strategy with Lord Gort. "The Germans have a five-legged horse on the Continent," Gort said, "and none of the legs is sound." To Lisbon, where Salazar talked about "the peace of the world" and across the Atlantic just as the Japanese were bombing Pearl Harbour.

Mr. Henry Taylor is different from the general run of these peripatetic chroniclers in that he has been an economist and a business executive, and in that capacity knew Europe well before the war. The chapter called "Funny Money: 1923," dealing with the manœuvres at that time of Schacht and Stinnes, who were then quite cynically cashing-in on the horror of the inflation, and the chapter called "Leopards in Paris Sunshine 1928," which reintroduces us to Schacht, Stinnes and Thyssen, are well worth a study in the light of what has subsequently happened.

Back in America, Mr. Taylor's reflections on the war at the time of his country's entry into it have a special significance, and in the light of a recent article published by Mr. Henry Luce, this passage bears quotation:

"Stand with forty-five million people who have over their heads every hour of the day and night the ceaseless threat of death, destruction, or invasion; who may at any moment never again see or touch or hold in their arms those who are dear to them; whose lives may become, in a blinding flash, as twisted as the bicycle I saw on the bashed-in floor of the vacant house at Bristol. The threat alone—pressing on the hearts and minds and souls of each man and woman and little child—is enough to separate their lives from ours so widely that I think it is a downright impertinence for anyone in the United States to cock his eye at our ally and say glibly, 'The English are stupid; they should do better.'"

LADY ALEXANDER AND HER SON AND DAUGHTER at their home in Windsor Forest. General Alexander was married to Lady Margaret Bingham, the younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Lucan, in 1931. They have two children—Rose, aged ten, and Shaune, aged seven. Lady Alexander has a small house in the Windsor Forest, but most of her day is spent at work with the W.V.S., of which she is an active member

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

It is the duty of every citizen to do so

The note of urgency in Mr. Taylor's conclusions is reflected in his title, *Time Runs Out*. Written principally for American consumption, his book sounds a warning note. The tide has turned. Time is now on nobody's side but Hitler's. Unless we pursue the offensive vigorously and relentlessly, the United Nations may easily find Hitler within reach of his newly-professed objective, which is to reduce Europe to such a state that there will be nothing left to fight for.

The title of Mr. Eric Benfield's series of sketches and personal reminiscences, SOUTHERN ENGLAND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.), is a reminder that, in spite of the B.B.C., the cinema, and the benefits of standardised education, pockets of obstinately characteristic people still remain in this island. Most holiday-makers appear to be aware of Celtic delineations in Cornwall, and of how people there might differ from, say, a Cumberland Dalesman. But there are places which are off the trippered track where these things are as firmly marked, although perhaps not so widely known.

The Dorset of Thomas Hardy may be a nostalgic memory to most of us, but I wonder how many visitors to Bournemouth and Swanage would know very much about the people who live in the Isle of Purbeck, which is so close to Poole Harbour, and which, as Mr. Benfield shows us, contains three separate and distinct kinds of people.

Mr. Benfield has an individual and reflective style of his own, and never ceases to be interesting, whether he is describing how, at the age of eight, he was a milk roundsman, or working twelve hours a day in a barber's shop at the age of ten; or noting the differences between a stone quarryman and the better-fed farm labourer in the valley below.

This is a charming book, full of quiet philosophising, good sense, observation and a deep culture. It is most appropriately illustrated by some strong wood-cuts by Mr. Denis Watkins-Pritchard.

THE CYMBAL GIRL OF THE W.A.A.F. BAND: The girls at an R.A.F. Station in the West Country, spurred by the instrumental efforts of their counterparts in the R.A.F., gained permission to form their own band. Under the coaching of an R.A.F. sergeant they can now put up a very fine show on parade!

Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, the twenty-four-year-old editor of ENGLISH STORY (Collins. 7s. 6d.), must have had a difficult and perplexing time ahead of him when he set out to choose twenty stories which were all new and "representative of the best of the current trends in modern writing."

This volume is the third in the roughly half-yearly series of these collections, and it is very interesting for a number of reasons, apart from its laudable attempt to secure publication and notice for young writers who do not exactly conform to standardised requirements of length, theme or treatment. Its index includes work by Osbert Sitwell, Elizabeth Bowen and Sylvia Townsend Warner, none of whom fits into that pattern, but could well be said to represent three divergent but vital trends in English writing.

Of the writers whose names were unfamiliar to me, I preferred a story by Mr. Reginald Moore, drab and chilling as it is. But then, nearly all these stories have those two qualities, whether they come from the accepted masters or from the freshly creative pens and typewriters, and it is a sobering thought that this may be the new, the applauded manner among the talented twenty- and thirty-year-olds.

Nottingham lace curtains, badly-fitting false teeth, fatuous failures, purposeless drunkards and bitter little bits about frustrated men and women—that is the unrelieved flavour of this collection, except for one excessively irritating little fragment of a type I thought we had all outgrown. You may recognise the refrain.

"*What is a sardine?*"

Tom tom tom Old Gorilla on his tum. Tock tock tock Old Granpa in his clock. Suddenly Big Ben clanging in shadow behind turtledoving saxophone and echoing along green flats of palm. . . ."

Plus ça change, one is inclined to think, remembering the 'twenties, *plus c'est la même chose.*

THE 1943 SATURDAY BOOK (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is described as an "annual miscellany," and this is the second year of its appearance. It is an agreeable lucky dip, assembled with a good deal of discernment, and it includes short stories by Steinbeck, H. E. Bates and a "Flying Officer X" whose identity will, I hope, be revealed after the war; war photographs, competitions, a section of biography, with contributors such as Sean O'Casey and James Agate, a section on animals, one on war experiences, and some enchanting wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker.

Towards the end of the volume, the American humorist, Mr. Will Cuppy, takes the reader for a stroll through his own and very particular zoo, in which "the Lemur is one worse than the Monkey," and chimpanzees are "amusing but terribly shallow."

This book is obviously well-timed for Christmas, and should make one of those last-minute presents that are so wonderfully welcome to the giver who is a bit uncertain about the direction of a friend's tastes.

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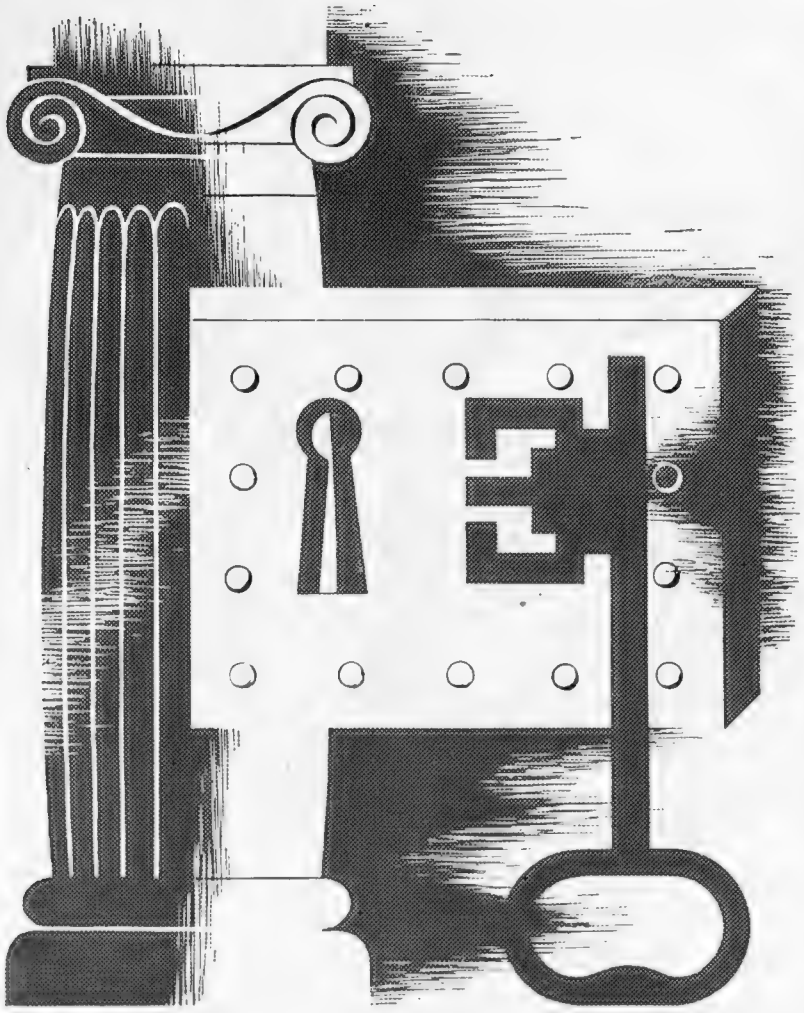

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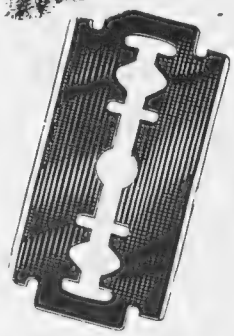

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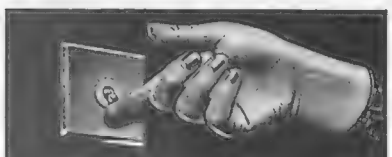

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We would like you to remember especially the work of JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE. Now that circumstances are unusually difficult we rely on the public, more than ever before, to support the training and maintaining of crippled girls; bringing relief and partial independence to a class who, otherwise, would be in a desperate condition.

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HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

THE MINERALS WE NEED FROM OUR MEALS

Most people know that iron is a good tonic; but how many know that the body needs at least twelve minerals—including such surprising things as zinc, copper and magnesium—to keep it healthy?

There is no need to worry, however, for a normal diet of natural food supplies all the minerals necessary. The only ones of which you are at all likely to run short are calcium and iron, and occasionally phosphorus.

Children in particular need a generous supply of calcium; rickets is the result of an insufficiency of this mineral. Phosphorus, too, is important since the two go into partnership to build bones and teeth. Both these minerals are obtained from milk, cheese, sardines. Calcium is present as well in cabbage and watercress; phosphorus, in cereals, fish and eggs.

Lack of iron results in anaemia and is most important in the diet of children, especially growing girls. Get your iron supply from liver, National Wheatmeal bread, dried fruits and vegetables, particularly peas and beans.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

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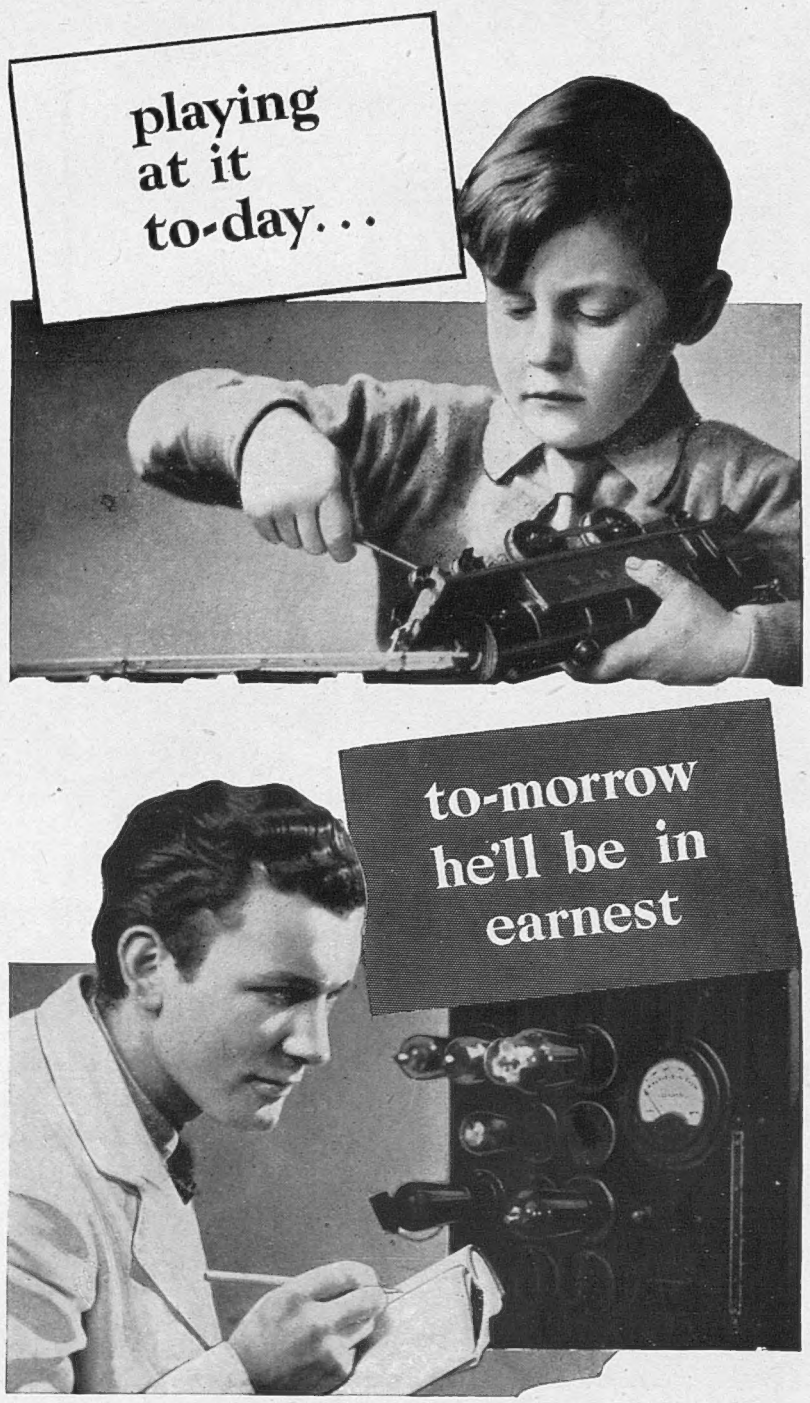

To-day he plays . . . to-morrow he lives — for he's one of the people of To-morrow. His turn will come. But will his *chance* come? Will he have that opportunity which will enable him to plunge wholeheartedly into the career that really interests him. Or will he be a square peg in a round hole? Now is the time to save to give him that chance! Start saving to enable *your* youngster to follow his natural bent. Cut down on all your expenditure — even on many so-called necessities; save regularly week by week; ensure that he'll receive all possible help in his career. Your money will do a double job by helping to buy weapons for the war now, and later by helping to equip your lad with weapons for the battle of life.

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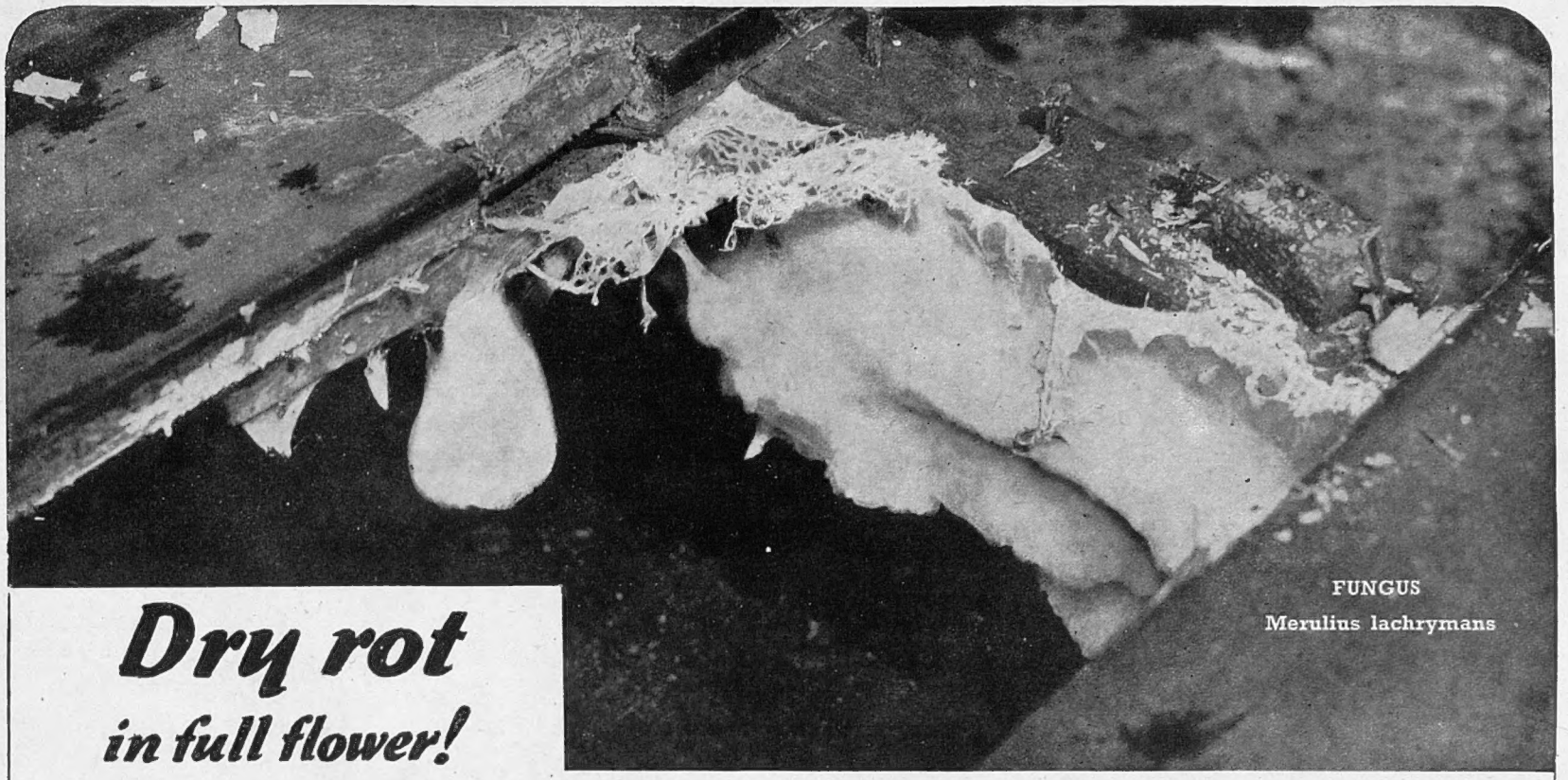

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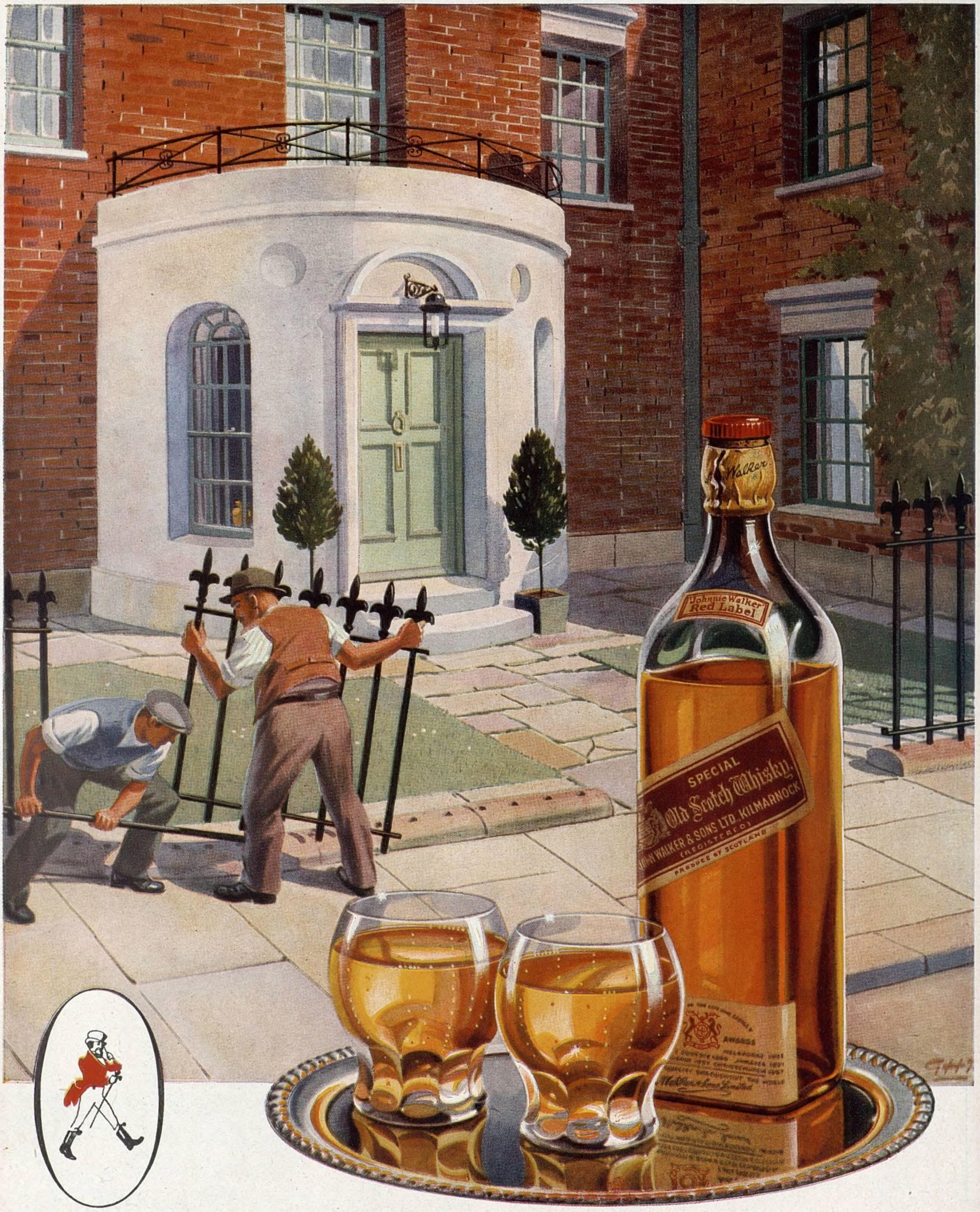

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